the weekly
Standard

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BUSH'S STEM CELL DECISION
FRED BARNES • ERIC COHEN

Poor Democracies

The post-Cold War era has produced something new in world history: an abundance of poor democracies. There are now some 70 nations with a gross domestic product below $10,000 per capita and with the basic attributes of democratic government. These regimes have been greeted in the West mostly with scorn and condescension. But their existence can be seen as a hopeful sign, even a remarkable success story, and as a tribute to the universal appeal of freedom and self-government.

by Leon Aron

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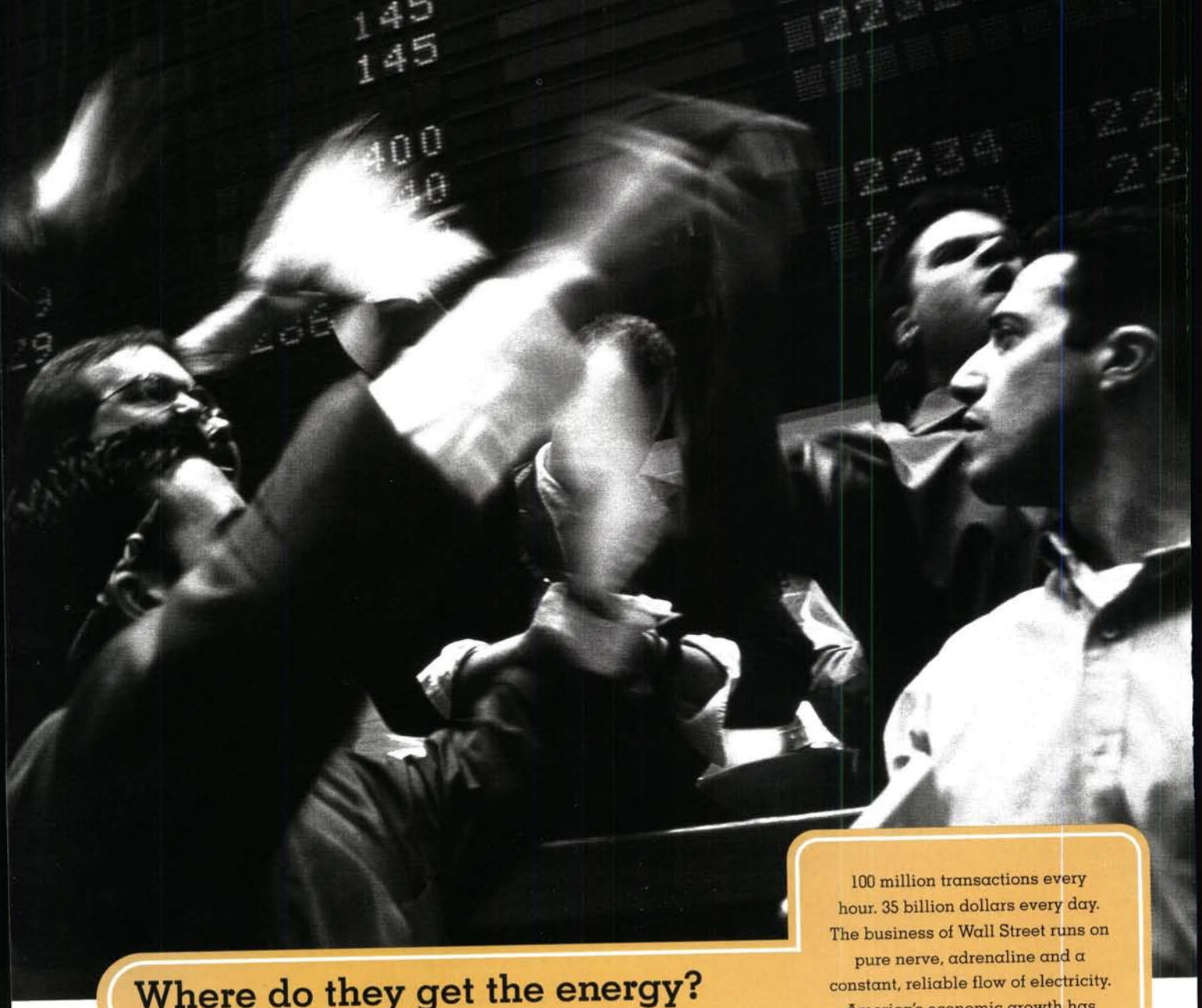

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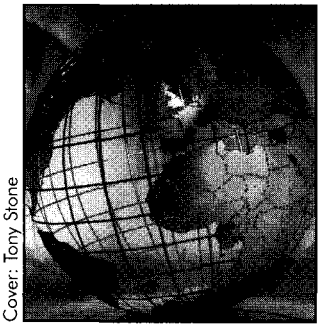

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The Good Part of the Patients' Bill of Rights

Conservatives dismayed by the Senate GOP's rollover on the patients' bill of rights can perhaps find a silver lining, thanks to Pennsylvania's Rick Santorum. For the bill includes as a rider—introduced by Santorum and passed 98-0 on June 29—a modest pro-life measure known as the Born-Alive Infants Protection Act. The born-alive act, brainchild of constitutional scholar (and occasional WEEKLY STANDARD contributor) Hadley Arkes, would extend the protection of law to the small number of children each year who survive abortions.

It might seem to the uninitiated that this would go without saying. But of course what we have learned in recent decades under the imperial judiciary is that nothing ever goes without saying. Last year's Supreme Court decision striking down Nebraska's partial-birth abortion ban continued a trend in federal jurisprudence in which the abortion right is construed not simply as a right to an empty womb but (as some call it) a "right to a dead child"—which is to say, legalized infanticide.

The born-alive act, as Arkes conceived it, was intended not just to provoke a clarifying power struggle between Congress and the courts over the creeping legalization of infanticide, but to spark arguments that would be more uncomfortable for the National Abortion Rights Action League than for pro-lifers. For the moment, though, NARAL has thrown in the towel—hence the 98-0 vote.

This means we will be deprived of more debates from the floor of the Senate like this one of October 20, 1999, which Arkes memorably annotated in these pages:

> SEN. SANTORUM: I would like to ask you this question. You agree, once the child is born, separated from the mother, that that child is protected by the Constitution and cannot be killed. Do you agree with that?
>
> SEN. BOXER: I think when you bring your baby home, when your baby is born . . . the baby belongs to your family and has rights.
>
> SANTORUM: Obviously, you don't mean they have to take the baby out of the hospital for it to be protected by the Constitution. Once the baby is separated from the mother, you would agree—completely separated from the mother—you would agree that baby is entitled to constitutional protection?
>
> BOXER: I don't want to engage in this. You had the same conversation with a colleague of mine, and I never saw such a twisting of his remarks.

Arkes then noted: "Boxer treated it as a bit of insolence that Santorum should ask the most elementary question of all, which runs back to the core of the argument over abortion: What is the earliest moment at which the child can be protected by the law? If it is not when the child is separated from the mother, then when?"

Whether because of guile, cowardice, or a shrewder political sense, the Barbara Boxers of the Senate have now decided not to argue this point. Which, all things considered, probably counts as a gain for civilization. ♦

Plus Ça Change?

Two weeks ago, THE SCRAPBOOK reprinted a picture from Bill Clinton's recent trip to England (see below), which provoked one reader to respond. She e-mailed to us a similar photo (see below, right)—taken during President Bush's recent trip to Poland. This, she wrote, is "for your next SCRAPBOOK. Trust me," she explained, "it really is just a guy thing."

We prefer a different interpretation. An unnamed Associated Press caption writer explains what's really going on: "President Bush reaches for his glass to toast Polish first lady Jolanta Kwasniewska, left, as she toasts first lady Laura Bush during a state dinner at the presidential palace." Although the angle makes it hard to see, it's the champagne he's staring at. ♦

Ben Jack

AP / Wide World Photos

You Can't Fool Al Neuharth

Stupidest column in the USA award for last week goes to *USA Today* founder Al Neuharth for this July 6 gem explaining why the IOC should award the 2008 Olympics to China when it meets next week in Moscow to select the host city:

"Preparations and enthusiasm for the Olympics were evident everywhere when I visited Beijing last month. Huge billboards and banners displayed 'Olympics 2008.' Local polls showed 95% of Beijing residents support hosting the Olympics."

Well, yes, Beijing is good at billboards and banners, no one denies it.

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But what about the Berlin 1936 precedent—an acknowledged propaganda feast for Hitler? Shouldn't we have learned from history not to award this plum to regimes before they liberalize? Not to worry! says Al.

"The Olympics historically have been above politics. They are athlete-to-athlete, people-to-people. That's why Nazi Germany got the games for Berlin in 1936. And why the communist USSR was host in Moscow in 1980. In each case, the Olympics helped locals understand what the rest of the world was all about. And vice-versa."

Why learn from history when you can simply rewrite it? ♦

Timeslish

The July 1 *New York Times* carried a front-page story by foreign correspondent Seth Mydans about the spread of non-standard English dialects around the world. It seems that professional linguists have already organized an International Association for World Englishes (note the plural), and regional variants like "Singlish" in Singapore and "Taglish" in the Philippines are rapidly taking shape.

One trouble with this pidgin proliferation, Mydans notes, is that "an outsider" from Great Britain or the States "would need a multilingual dictionary to understand" the modern world's English-based babble. Never fear, however: the *Times* helpfully appends a handy-dandy, chart-format "glossary," so the next time you're in, say, the Bahamas, you'll be totally comfortable with the local lingo. For example: The Bahamian phrase "hard of hearing," confides the paper of record, actually means "obstinant."

Which is itself, apparently, a slang term used by the islanders of Manhattan to indicate . . . well, we're not sure what. Call us obstinate, but we haven't kept up with our Timeslish lessons. ♦

Congratulations!

The third annual Eric Breindel Award for Excellence in Journalism went this year to a particular favorite of THE SCRAPBOOK's, our friend and former colleague Jay Nordlinger, now managing editor of *National Review*. Breindel, a longtime editorial page editor of the *New York Post* who also contributed to this magazine, died in March 1998, at age 42. We hope it is not presumptuous to speculate that he would particularly approve of this year's award.

Sponsored by the Eric Breindel Memorial Foundation, the Breindel Award is the most lucrative in the field of opinion journalism, with a prize of $10,000. It goes each year to the columnist or editorialist whose work best reflects the love of this country that animated Breindel's writings, as well as his courage in bearing witness to the evils of totalitarianism. *Boston Globe* columnist Jeff Jacoby was the first winner of the award. Tom Flannery of the Pennsylvania weekly *Carbondale News* won last year. News Corporation, Breindel's employer and the corporate parent of this magazine, has been a generous donor to the Eric Breindel Memorial Foundation. ♦

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Casual

The Last Man to Die

It's perfectly obvious that by the time I am 70, I'll be a museum piece. In the first place, I am going to be the last balding man in America. Scientists are clearly on the verge of stopping hair loss. Pretty soon, there will be anti-baldness shampoos, pills, and toothpaste. You'll be able to slather a little dab of fluoridated Rogaine on your gums and you'll have your same 20-year-old hair when you're collecting Social Security. It'll be too late for me. When I walk down the street, children will stop and wonder what happened to my head. They will have as little experience with bald spots as kids today have with typewriters.

Second, I'll be the last nearsighted person in America. Every few days I come across a formerly bespectacled friend who has just come back from her laser job. Her glasses are gone. Her contacts are gone. And she's beaming about it. She describes the experience: She heard an ad from a clinic offering cheap laser surgery plus a free set of Ginsu knives. She went in to the office, which has one of those trust-enhancing names like Futuro-Lazo-Tech Associates. She sat in a chair for five minutes. A doctor came in with his Popeil's Pocket Cornea-Matic, carved up her eyes while reminiscing about his boyhood in Bangladesh, and—*presto!*—she came out with perfect vision. Now she looks up into the night sky and sees galaxies the Hubble Telescope can't find.

This means that in 40 years no one but me will wear glasses. I'm not going to have the surgery, for three reasons: First, when I'm not wearing my glasses I instinctively squint. This habit is too ingrained to break. Second, I've never had a pair of glasses that fit properly, so I'm constantly pushing them back up my nose. This gesture has become so ingrained that I sometimes do it in the shower, when I'm not wearing glasses, and I end up poking myself in the eye. Third, I don't wear my glasses at the beach, having lost more than my fair share of eyewear in the surf. So if my wife accuses me of ogling young women in bathing suits, I can accurately respond that I'm just peering around trying to find the ocean. Eye surgery would endanger my marriage.

Anyway, come 2030, eyeglasses will look about as contemporary as a pince-nez. When I wear them to work, my bosses (who will be young, hungry types with sharp eyes and thick hair) will look at my spectacles as charming archaisms. They'll get romantic about the good old days they never knew, when people said "please" and "thank you" and when Americans were unburdened by excessive peripheral vision.

I'll try to give them my eyeglasses theory of history. I have this notion that most of the remarkable events of history can be explained by the fact that most of the people involved in them couldn't see what they were doing. Go to any ancient battlefield where a brave army made a heroic charge. Now, if you are lucky enough to be nearsighted, take off your glasses. You realize that when the army set off on this charge, many of the troops had no idea of what was in front of them. You think Henry V could have urged his men up the hill at Agincourt if they'd been able to see the French weapons? No way. I will bore my future colleagues with these theories, but they won't care, because nearsightedness will have gone the way of polio.

It's also clear that I'm going to be the last person to die. I once saw a chart in the *Economist* on medical advances that predicted cancer would be cured around 2040. I don't know how the chart-makers knew this, but they work for the *Economist* so they must have gone to Oxford. Anyway, 2040 is just about when I am due to kick off, actuarially. I see myself dying of cancer on the day that cancer is cured. Not only will this accomplishment vastly overshadow my obituary; it's going to cause a lot of people at my funeral to say, "Isn't it sad? If he'd only held on for a few more days. . . ."

People will flock to my funeral just to see what a corpse looks like. These will be people buffed up with genetic therapy. Women will be so pumped with anti-aging DNA that every time they have a child, their bodies will actually get firmer. You'll see mothers with five kids with their breasts bouncing around their chins. They'll get to the point where they'll start drawing liver spots on their hands as part of some retro fashion statement. And when they feel a little ache or pain coming on, they'll just make a pit stop at the strip mall genetic therapy doctor (who used to do laser surgery until nearsightedness disappeared) for a hormone cocktail.

The new immortals will lean over my coffin and they'll sigh, "It's just as well. He couldn't keep up with the times." Then they'll accidentally shed some of their abundant hair onto my body. I'll be looking down at them from heaven and I still won't be able to see a damn thing.

David Brooks

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A world of ideas on public policy.

Rethinking Health Insurance

By Milton Friedman

Since the end of World War II, the provision of medical care in the United States and other advanced countries has displayed three major features: first, rapid advance in the science of medicine; second, large increases in spending, both in terms of inflation-adjusted dollars per person and the fraction of national income spent on medical care; and third, rising dissatisfaction with the delivery of medical care, on the part of both consumers of medical care, and physicians and other suppliers of medical care.

A key difference between medical care and other technological revolutions is the role of government. In other technological revolutions, the initiative, financing, production, and distribution were primarily private, though government sometimes played a supporting or regulatory role. In medical care, government has come to play a leading role in financing, producing, and delivering medical service. Direct government spending on healthcare now exceeds 75 percent of total health spending for 15 Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) countries. For the U.S., the figure is 46 percent.

Two simple observations are key to explaining both the high level of spending on medical care and the dissatisfaction with that spending. The first is that most payments to physicians or hospitals or other caregivers for medical care are made not by the patient but by a third party – an insurance company or employer or governmental body. The second is that nobody spends somebody else's money as wisely or as frugally as he spends his own. These statements apply equally to other OECD countries.

Why are most medical payments made by third parties? The answer for the United States begins with the fact that medical care expenditures are exempt from federal income tax if, and only if, medical care is provided by the employer. If an employee pays directly for medical care, the expenditure comes out of the employee's income after income tax. That strong incentive explains why most consumers get their medical care through their own employer, or their spouse's or parents' employer.

> ***A key difference between medical care and other technological revolutions is the role of government***

The tax exemption of employer-provided medical care in the U.S. has two different effects, both of which raise healthcare costs. First, it leads American workers to rely on their employer, rather than themselves, to make arrangements for medical care. Second, it leads employees to take a larger fraction of their total remuneration in the form of medical care than they would if spending on medical care had the same tax status as other expenditures.

Employer financing of medical care in the U.S. has caused the term "insurance" to acquire a rather different meaning in medicine than in most other contexts. We generally rely on insurance to protect us against events that are highly unlikely to occur but involve large losses if they do occur – major catastrophes, not minor regularly recurring expenses. We insure our houses against loss from fire, not against the cost of having to mow the lawn. We insure our cars against liability to others or major damage, not against having to pay for gasoline. Yet in medicine, it has become common to rely on insurance to pay for regular medical examinations and often for prescriptions.

Moreover, the states and the federal government have increasingly specified the coverage of insurance for medical care to a detail not common in other areas. The effect has been to raise the cost of insurance and to limit the options open to individuals. If the tax exemption for employer-provided medical care had never been enacted, the insurance market for medical care would probably have developed as other insurance markets have – as a way of providing for catastrophic, out-of-the-ordinary costs, not for routine expenditures.

Throughout the OECD countries, third-party payment has required the bureaucratization of medical care and, in the process, has changed the character of the relation between physicians or other caregivers and patients. A medical transaction is not simply between a caregiver and a patient; it has to be approved as "covered" by a private, or public-sector bureaucrat and the appropriate payment authorized. An inescapable result is that the interest of the patient is often in direct conflict with the interests of the caregiver's ultimate employer – whether the latter is a government or a corporation.

Milton Friedman, recipient of the 1976 Nobel Memorial Prize for economic science, has been a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution since 1977. This article was excerpted from the Winter 2001 issue of The Public Interest (www.thepublicinterest.com).

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Brain Games

While I enjoyed Matt Labash's article "What's Wrong with Dodgeball?" (June 25), I was disappointed that he focused on the physical "wussification" of America instead of the more damaging mental trends. There is at least a legitimate excuse for schools (whose purposes are ostensibly academic) to attempt to reduce high risk of physical injury. Far more worrisome are the efforts to avoid wounded psyches by eliminating all forms of competition.

We now give everyone a trophy not only in gym class, but in the regular classroom as well. Many schools across the country have already eliminated the position of valedictorian because it makes the other children feel inferior. Sensitive parents often insist that any laudatory recognition of students' achievements is unfair to the students who have (presumably through no fault of their own) failed to achieve. When academic institutions are not permitted to acknowledge academic excellence, it should be a clear sign that we have dropped the ball.

Seth Brown
East Greenwich, RI

Say You, Say Me

This letter is in response to the quotes attributed to me in Stephen F. Hayes's article "Will Bush Win Florida Again?" (June 25).

I shared with the author my belief that we would not allow *anyone* to make false charges, make untrue inflammatory remarks, or demagogue the record of Florida governor Jeb Bush. This was the flavor of the full message delivered to the author during my interview, which has been mischaracterized and taken out of context.

Governor Bush has an amazingly positive record of accomplishments in the African-American community. The inclusion efforts of the Republican Party of Florida are almost without parallel. These were described in detail to the author of the story but were not reported. Expanding our message to the African-American community and others is at the very top of our priority list.

In spite of our expanded efforts, the results of the 2000 election cycle in the African-American community were very disappointing to us. Democratic party leaders successfully embarked upon the politics of personal destruction, twisting the truth and mischaracterizing our policies and points of view. We did not fully engage in responding to these attacks and did not provide the community "our side of the story" with enough force and vigor.

I arrived in America at the age of 12 and have worked hard ever since to make a better life for my family and myself. I have never forgotten the personal indignities suffered for being different, which is why I'm so adamant that the Republican Party of Florida is inclusive.

As a frequent reader of your magazine, I am baffled by Hayes's article.

Al Cardenas
Chairman
Republican Party of Florida
Tallahassee, FL

Leading by Example

William Kristol ("Democracy in China," June 25) does a fine job of analyzing the *New York Times* editorial that would subordinate U.S. foreign policy "to the goal of making the Chinese dictators blissfully happy." Yet as an alternative he writes that "surely the goal of American foreign policy should be to help bring about the peaceful transformation of Beijing's dictatorship into a democracy like Taipei's." Had he intended that America do so by setting an example, and by engaging in the war of ideas, I would agree.

Kristol's focus, however, is on military strength and political boldness (although he also mentions moral clarity). I submit that our Founders were correct: America should avoid foreign entanglements, save when necessary for defense. The belief that we ought engage in a mission to change the beliefs of other countries will lead us astray, place our citizens at risk, open the door to corruption, incur financial loss, and foster resentment of America.

This is because the attempt to impose values works the same in foreign policy as it does in domestic policy. At issue is our national purpose. If it is to protect the inalienable rights of our citizens, then a mission to change the world will detract from it. There are few people who strive to meet their own responsibilities, while virtually all aim at changing others, when they can.

Wouldn't it set a fine example to have one nation that aimed at self-improvement, rather than just another that tries to "improve" the behavior of the rest?

Allen Weingarten
Morristown, NJ

The Anachronistic Right

Like most of the other views I have seen on the Second Amendment, neither Terry Eastland's article ("John Ashcroft's Constitution," June 25) nor any of the individuals he mentioned contributes to a correct interpretation of "the right of the people to keep and bear arms." Both parts of the Second Amendment need to be carefully considered—not isolated from each other, nor one part subordinated to the other—but in tandem. The Founding Fathers had a purpose in wording the Second Amendment as they did. I therefore suggest the following interpretation.

Yes, the Second Amendment guarantees a personal right to have guns, but only to the extent that such a right is essential to the ability of a state government to have a viable, well-regulated militia. Thus, individuals have a consti-

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tutionally protected right to *keep* arms to the extent that their ability to *bear* arms when summoned to militia duty depends on their bringing their own arms to such service.

Since militia duty these days (in fact, for a century or more) totally involves government-issued guns, whatever personal right was originally sanctioned by the Second Amendment is today an anachronism. Thus, government today has a right to establish any form of gun control it considers advisable in the public interest. Theoretically, this includes even the right to ban the private possession of firearms. However, banning private gun ownership is something I would oppose as fervently as I advocate licensing for legal gun ownership and holding licensees strictly accountable for keeping their guns away from persons unqualified for such access.

DAVID STEINBERG
Alexandria, VA

THE EARTH GOES WOBBLY

JAMES K. GLASSMAN and Sallie L. Baliunas's treatment of global warming ("Bush Is Right on Global Warming," June 25) has to rank among the better articles exposing the media hysteria on the subject. Yet in this and similar thoughtful, well-reasoned arguments on this subject, it's odd that no one ever refers to the earth's wobbling on its axis. (How else to explain why warming currently noted in the northern hemisphere coincides with the cooling noted in the southern half?) With all the scholarly probes underway, there must be someone who can make the connection between (local) beneficial warming and disastrous ice-age cycles vis-à-vis the periodicity of this aberration.

ROBERT J. ANGSTEN
Sun Lakes, AZ

YOU GO, GIRL!

KUDOS TO GINA DALFONZO for her defense of classic literature for girls ("Where Has Jane Eyre Gone?" June 25). Modern culture offers girls so few role models for how to become women. Growing up is thought to mean becoming more sexual, rather than developing emotional maturity and self-restraint—exactly what these books teach. Though I am a married woman of 28, I sometimes feel young and immature next to today's teens because I prefer more modest dress and traditional sexual mores. Like the feminists Dalfonzo criticizes, I scorned Louisa May Alcott's *An Old-Fashioned Girl* when I was a teenager because I thought it was telling girls to be passive and plain. Picking it up again last year (on e-book, ironically!), I was inspired and comforted by its message that true womanliness lies in sincerity, self-sufficiency, kindness, and modesty—not in having boyfriends and being a fashion plate. Feminists denounce such books because they trained young women to be good wives (and, not incidentally, taught boys how to be good husbands). But modern culture too often teaches us only how to be sex objects. Give me Jo March's strength over Lara Croft's any day!

JENDI REITER
New York, NY

TOO CLEVER BY HALF

NOEMIE EMERY views Senator Jeffords's departure from the Republican party as a long-term plus for President Bush and the GOP, predicting that Republicans will now forgo taking controversial positions (like pushing for drilling in the Alaska Wilderness Refuge) that could hurt the party's standing with potential swing voters ("Thank You, Mr. Jeffords," June 11).

By not fighting for conservative principles today, Emery argues, more potential (so-called) conservatives will be elected in the future, which will finally allow Republicans to do the things they've always wanted to do. Also, Republicans may have lost the Jeffords battle, but they'll win the ideological war at some point in the future, Emery theorizes.

Hooey. The way Republicans and conservatives will ultimately win the ideological war is to actually stand for something, and stand for it yesterday, today, and tomorrow. The ultimate battle is for the hearts and minds of likely voters. Those who lack the power of their convictions—for example, those too intimidated by scare-mongering environmentalists to argue that more domestic oil production would improve our country's energy situation (is this really an extremist, radical position?)—will never persuade undecided voters that their governmental philosophy is the superior option.

What's wrong with standing up for what you believe in? With passionately making your case to the American people? With aggressively challenging and countering the false labels of your critics (and liberal-created "conventional wisdom")? What's wrong with being consistent and authentic—not tomorrow, when your party might have more strength, but today? Such a radical approach seemed to work for Ronald Reagan. Speaking of whom, would there even have been a Reagan-led conservative uprising if Barry Goldwater had adopted the "moderate," wait-for-tomorrow-to-reveal-your-real-colors strategy that Emery seems to favor?

By no longer being "out front" arguing for politically incorrect positions, Republicans could increase their likelihood of winning "stable" control of Congress and the presidency, Emery writes. I maintain, however, that this is a coward's political stance. In the long run, people—and politicians—gain respect not only by defending and explaining their positions, but by simply standing for something. Let the Democrats perpetually embrace political correctness, repetitively playing the "scare game" by telling Americans what they should be against. Now there's a losing strategy for you.

BILL RICE JR.
Troy, AL

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the weekly Standard

Judging Bush's Judges

From recent scholarship has emerged a remarkably complete picture of modern American legal politics at the moment of creation. We now know that in the 1980s, occupying the farthest-right outposts of human imagination, was a barbarian tribe of conservative "Republicans" led by a mythic figure called President Reagan. On the leftward frontiers, surviving maps from the period are curiously blank, for then as now, that territory had few acknowledged inhabitants. But in the vast, temperate central zones, we know that there lived a second tribe (indeed, an entirely separate species, Reagan's Republicans having noticeably smaller hearts and craniums). These were the "moderates" or "Democrats." And it is clear from their sacred texts, published in the form of a daily newspaper called the *New York Times*, that theirs was a highly evolved civilization. They had a "living Constitution" that guaranteed women an unlimited right to kill their unborn children, for example.

Nearly every stated rationale for a Democratic assault on Bush's judicial nominees is dishonest or nonsensical or both. And yet.

Of course, it was for precisely this kind of mainstream thinking—though the two tribes were nominally partners in a unified federal government—that the conservative barbarians despised the Democrats. So one day President Reagan slyly proposed that a man named Bork be appointed to the federal government's highest court of law. By dint of experience, intelligence, and accomplishment, Bork seemed a perfect candidate, and would ordinarily have been easily confirmed for the job. But a moderate senator named Ted Kennedy discovered that Bork had expressed reservations about substantive due-process jurisprudence under the flexible, living Constitution's Fourteenth Amendment. Which meant that with Bork on the Supreme Court, as the elegantly understated Kennedy explained it, women would be slaughtered wholesale and civil rights for African Americans would be abolished.

Kennedy's fellow moderates were alarmed, and quickly concluded that mere competence should no longer be sufficient qualification for service on the federal bench. Neither Reagan nor any other president enjoys a "celestial or constitutional mandate to impose his political views on a whole branch of government for a decade or more," the *New York Times* pointed out, "and the Senate labors under no duty to accept even a capable nominee whose views it disagrees with." Views like Bork's were simply too "extreme," and though this suggestion drove Republicans fairly mad with rage, conscientious moderates felt they had little choice but to distort the would-be jurist's public record, slander him personally, and thus destroy his nomination. Because, darn it all, the federal courts were really important.

Fascinating, isn't it, that so little has changed across the decades? The federal courts have remained important, needless to say. And much the same battle about the composition of those courts has been waged—across much the same partisan and "ideological" divide—year after year after year.

True, for a while there, the specific arguments got turned upside down. In the mid-1990s, when Republicans several times threatened (but failed) to direct public attention to the philosophical character of President Clinton's judicial appointments, Democrats were ostentatiously aghast—as if Robert Bork had never existed. They insisted, for one thing, that Clinton's judges were uniformly and perfectly "moderate." They insisted, for another, that the GOP lacked standing to complain about those judges—Senate Republicans having voted unanimously to confirm the overwhelming majority of Clinton's past court picks. And Democrats insisted, most vehemently, that what general convictions a prospective federal judge might have should be irrelevant in any case, legal expertise being all that matters. It is appropriate to "evaluate nominees on their professional qualifications," the *Times* allowed. Any deeper inquiry than that, however, would constitute a fundamental assault on the independence of the judicial branch.

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But it turns out none of this was meant to be taken seriously. Once again in 2001, just as in 1987, we have a Republican president submitting judicial nominations to a Democratic Senate. So once again in 2001, just as in 1987, "moderates" everywhere feel themselves compelled to resist those nominations as best they can—and on philosophical grounds alone. George W. Bush plans a "speedy hard-right makeover of the nation's federal courts," warns the *New York Times*, urging Tom Daschle and his colleagues to "use the filibuster, if necessary, to block extreme appointments." Democrat Charles Schumer of New York, chairman of a key Senate Judiciary subcommittee, promises to do just that. His party will "certainly" be justified, Schumer lately announces, in its rejection of any Bush nominee whose "views fall outside the mainstream."

We will stipulate that this argument, in the context of recent history, is hypocritical. We will further stipulate that, in the mouths of certain of its screechiest (and consequently most prominent) proponents, the argument approaches self-delusion—or worse. One Democratic partisan, Edward Lazarus, writing for the *Washington Post* op-ed page, has proposed that his party's senators reject any Bush nominee whose ideas they find objectionable, whether or not those ideas are "extreme." Lazarus has a specific example in mind: Professor Michael McConnell, formerly of Harvard Law School and now at the University of Utah. McConnell happens to be the single most distinguished nominee Bush has so far forwarded to Capitol Hill. But McConnell also happens to be, Lazarus thinks we should know, an "avowed fundamentalist Christian."

Bruce Ackerman of Yale Law School, for his part, still obsessed with the Florida recount, and convinced that the entire Bush presidency is constitutionally illegitimate, believes that the Senate is honor-bound to reject *every* White House judicial nomination, sight-unseen, as *per se* "extreme." Ackerman is an odd one to talk, since he has devoted his academic career to the lunatic theory that the Founders were acting illegally at the Constitutional Convention of 1787—and that the Civil War amendments extending civil rights to black people have never been properly ratified, and that the "real" Constitution resides not in its actual text, but somewhere out in the ether of public opinion. Later for you, professor.

Later, too, for the notion that there is anything "extreme" about Republican jurists who question the constitutional validity of, say, government affirmative action programs maintained purely for purposes of racial "diversity." Later for the currently fashionable contention that an "already Republican-heavy" federal judiciary has made war on Congress in its haste to dispense "federalism" favors to the states. Most active federal judges, in fact, are Democrats. And most "federalism" cases, in fact, are resolved in *favor* of Congress *against* the states.

One more time, then: Nearly every stated rationale we've heard for an organized, explicitly "ideological" challenge by Senate Democrats to President Bush's pending appellate court (and future Supreme Court) nominees is nonsensical or dishonest or both.

And yet: At the end of the day, we cannot find fault with the idea of taking nominees' judicial philosophy seriously. And we do find some fault with the traditional Republican response, now voiced by men like senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, who grumbles that legal philosophy "is not an appropriate measure of judicial qualifications." Why not, we wondered when the identical claim was advanced by Democrats during the second Clinton administration. And why not, we wonder still today. Surely a United States senator should demand that prospective federal appellate judges, to say nothing of Supreme Court nominees, thoroughly explain their understanding of constitutional law and jurisprudential practice—before such men and women are awarded lifetime tenure in a branch of government that now decides some of the most vexed and momentous issues in American public life. And surely a United States senator, consistent with his oath of office, should feel not just free, but positively obliged, to vote against any nominee with whose jurisprudential philosophy he disagrees.

We would remind Senator Hatch and his fellow Republicans that Robert Bork's undisputed eminence in the legal profession proved an ineffective defense against the Democratic smear that he was "ideologically" bizarre. If Senate Democrats decide to "Bork" one or a dozen Republican judicial nominees again this year, it should be the mission of the Republican party—and the Bush administration—to unveil the lies and argue the constitutional ideas and win on the merits. The nominees may still be defeated, which will be a pity. But the debate itself will nevertheless be perfectly appropriate, even necessary, in any constitutional democracy worthy of the name.

—David Tell, for the Editors

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Sen. Jesse Helms (R-NC)

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Bush's Stem Cell Indecision

Will he go pro-life or pro-media?

BY FRED BARNES

THE POLITICAL DISTRESS and moral agony now burdening President Bush on the issue of stem cell research could have been avoided. All Bush had to do was take the advice of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops in the first days of his administration. The bishops urged him to implement immediately his campaign promise to bar federal funding for stem cell research that destroys human embryos. As an alternative, Bush could have proposed to jack up funding for research on adult stem cells, the use of which harms no one and raises no moral or ethical questions. Yes, redeeming his promise would have sparked yipes of outrage from the abortion lobby, disease groups, scientists, and assorted liberals. But it would have been a one-day story, not a firestorm but a flicker.

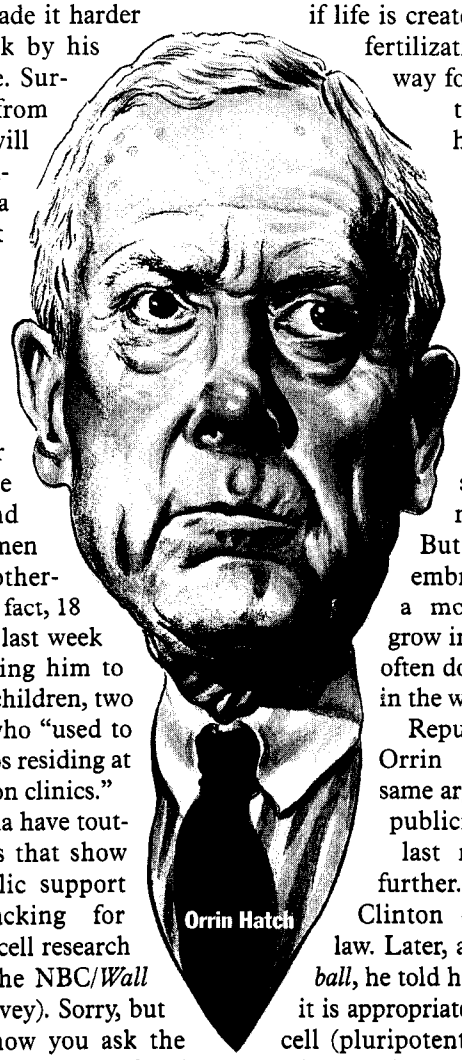
But Bush temporized, then temporized some more. This has allowed a massive effort to spring up in favor of federal sponsorship of research using human embryos—an effort heavily promoted by the national media. *Newsweek* delivered a tendentious cover story. Pieces on the front page, editorial page, and op-ed page of the *New York Times* argued for such research. The handful of Republican pro-lifers who advocate use of embryos got lavish press attention. So did scientists who echo that view. The pro-ban view got short shrift. The media largely ignored reports of astonishing success in research using adult stem cells. And Bush was left in a pickle: He must either flip-flop on a moral issue and anger his conservative supporters or reach a decision consistent with his campaign promise and get whacked in the press.

Misinformation disseminated by the media has made it harder for Bush to stick by his campaign pledge. Surplus embryos from fertility clinics will only be "discarded," the media say, so why not exploit them for medical research on Parkinson's and other diseases? The truth is many leftover embryos have been adopted and implanted in women who couldn't otherwise conceive. In fact, 18 House members last week wrote Bush, asking him to meet with three children, two of them twins, who "used to be frozen embryos residing at *in vitro* fertilization clinics."

Also, the media have touted dubious polls that show widespread public support for federal backing for embryonic stem cell research (69 percent in the NBC/*Wall Street Journal* survey). Sorry, but it depends on how you ask the question. A poll conducted for the Catholic bishops informed respondents the embryos would be destroyed in the process. Seventy percent said they opposed using tax money to finance this research.

Then there's the supposed split in Republican and pro-life ranks. It's not much of a split. The vast majority of GOP pro-lifers support the federal funding ban. President Clinton found a clever way around the law, insisting the government was only backing the research on the stem cells, not the process that culled them and killed the embryos. This was sophistry. So is the reasoning of Republican pro-lifers who back stem cell research using embryos. Former GOP senator Connie Mack told host Tony Snow on *Fox News Sunday* on June 24 that he believes life begins at conception. But it's "a different set of circumstances" if life is created through *in vitro* fertilization. "There is no way for the blastocyst to then grow into human life," Mack said. (The blastocyst is an embryo four or five days old.) "It just cannot be done. And so, again, instead of just discarding that, to use the stem cells from that blastocyst seems to me the right thing to do." But of course an embryo created outside a mother's womb *can* grow into human life, and often does, once implanted in the womb.

Republican senator Orrin Hatch made the same argument in a widely publicized letter to Bush last month, and went further. He endorsed the Clinton contortion of the law. Later, appearing on *Hardball*, he told host Chris Matthews it is appropriate to use one type of cell (pluripotent) but not another (totipotent) because it could grow into a "completely new embryo." Hatch missed the point. Taking the first type of cell from a human embryo still causes the death of the embryo. Hatch also declared: "Life begins in the mother's womb, not in a refrigerator."



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Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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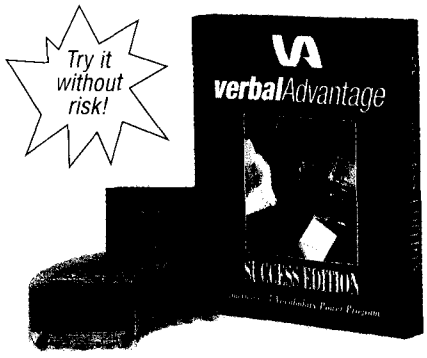

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This is a weird idea for a professed pro-lifer. Noted Wesley Smith in *National Review Online*: "Wherever it happens, fertilization certainly produces a new member of the human species." The Dickey amendment, adopted annually since 1996, buttressed that view, blocking federal funding for research that involves killing embryos.

If Bush ever thought most pro-lifers would follow Mack and Hatch, he knows better now. The drive to force Bush to reverse his position has generated a backlash. A delegation of pro-life Republican members of Congress has lobbied Karl Rove, Bush's chief political adviser. Rove mainly listened, but did say Bush would be criticized whatever he decides. Three of the four GOP House leaders—Dick Armey, Tom DeLay, and J.C. Watts—issued a statement calling on Bush to "uphold current law and prohibit federal funding of embryonic stem cell research. . . . It is not pro-life to rely on an industry of death, even if the intention is to find cures for diseases." When Bush meets Pope John Paul II in Rome on July 23, he's likely to hear something similar.

New studies raising doubts about embryonic stem cells and finding promise in the use of adult cells may have come too late. Bush appears to be wavering. Capitol Hill aides who talk to pro-lifers on Bush's staff are discouraged. On May 18, Bush wrote the Culture of Life Foundation that he opposes funding for stem cell research "that involves destroying living human embryos." But on June 28, press secretary Ari Fleischer was equivocal. Bush, he said, "is well aware of the powerful research that can come from stem cells. He is also cognizant of the fact that life should not be destroyed to save or make another life." On tough moral issues, of course, there's always a good model to emulate: President Reagan. He found that when he took a consistent position on moral issues—even an unpopular position—folks may have disagreed but they respected him. Respect is something Bush could use a bit of right now. ♦

Faith Works

A defense of the president's initiative.

BY CHARLES W. COLSON AND MICHAEL NOVAK

When Cipriano Martinez walked through the doors of Teen Challenge of South Texas 11 years ago, victory over drugs seemed unlikely: For Martinez, a balanced diet meant heroin, cocaine, downers, and booze. In and out of prison, he'd already flunked half a dozen drug treatment programs.

Teen Challenge staffers employ many of the same forms of treatment secular counselors use—anger management, job training, and family skills—but there is a big difference. "We don't believe in the 'once an addict, always an addict' model," explains Jim Heurich, executive director of the South Texas chapter. "We believe that addicts are changed and healed when Christ comes in."

Martinez agrees that hearts can be changed. His was. And he's been drug-free for 10 years. Such success stories are why President Bush is making government support for faith-based social programs his signature policy.

Not surprisingly, Bush's proposals have stirred controversy. Secular critics on the right and left have a built-in aversion to religion in public life. But even some of us who advocate for more religious vitality in the public sphere (as did both the Gore-Lieberman and the Bush-Cheney tickets during the recent campaign) have significant concerns that need to be addressed.

One fear is that government funding will force faith communities to compromise their beliefs. Of course, faith groups that have such fears need not accept government money. Indeed, some have already decided not to. Others, however, including the Salvation Army, Samaritan's Purse, and World Vision, have proven that they can both accept government aid and preserve their independence.

Another fear is that our taxes will end up funding explicitly religious activity. A string of Supreme Court decisions forbids this. And President Bush is firmly against letting it happen. A church-run homeless shelter can use government funds for bed and board, but not Bibles. A faith-based drug treatment program can put government cash towards computer training, but not communion wafers.

But isn't religious conversion the central purpose and method of many faith-based groups? Of course. Without conversion of heart, they have nothing better to offer than secular groups. But faith-based groups can and do segregate funds. Indeed, it is in their own interest to keep government and church separate from each other.

Some conservatives fear that controversial groups like the Nation of Islam and the Church of Scientology will seek government funds. They already can and do. The Charitable Choice Act passed by Congress two sessions ago allows faith-based programs to compete on an equal footing with secular groups for grants intended to achieve social goals. The Bush proposals rest on legislation already in operation.

This legislation, in fact, makes it hard for controversial groups to receive funding. First, any group that applies for funds—be it secular or religious—must by law meet stringent performance standards. Second, Charitable Choice makes it easier to tell if a charity is succeeding in its

Charles W. Colson, chairman of Prison Fellowship Ministries, was special counsel to President Nixon and served time in prison for Watergate-related offenses. Michael Novak holds the George Frederick Jewett Chair of Religion and Public Policy at the American Enterprise Institute.

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mission. Before the advent of Charitable Choice, many organizations won grants in a cloudy atmosphere of unclear standards and lack of competition.

There are other legal protections worth considering. Government-funded faith programs can neither compel people to participate in religious activities nor discriminate against recipients who embrace other faiths. Presbyterians may decline to hire Muslims to operate a Presbyterian after-school program, but they may not discriminate against Muslims who bring their children for care.

Experience shows that many of the needy will pick faith-based programs because they know these programs work. Success rates of those who attend secular drug treatment programs seldom top 10 percent. Contrast that with Teen Challenge, which boasts a success rate of 86 percent (based on two rigorous independent studies performed 24 years apart).

Prison Fellowship Ministries has seen firsthand the success of faith-based reductions in recidivism. Three years ago, then governor Bush gave Prison Fellowship permission to operate the first faith-based prison in America, known as the InnerChange Freedom Initiative in Houston. For 18 hours a day, prisoners who volunteer for the program are immersed in intensive life-skills training and Bible study. After 18 months, they are released, matched with a mentor, given a job, and welcomed in a local church. So far, it has demonstrated remarkable effectiveness. We can report that of the 121 prisoners who have completed the program only 7 are back in custody. That is a recidivism rate of 6 percent, far below a national average that runs between 40 percent and 60 percent.

But the mission of President Bush's faith-based initiative isn't simply to help private charities do what they do well. It is to change the way we deal with social problems in America. Critics on the left actually understand this better than many on the right. President Bush wants to replace the tangle of failed government programs with highly motivated intermediate structures: churches, community groups, and so on. The idea is to energize concern for the needy from the bottom up.

In empowering local, faith-based groups, President Bush is revitalizing public notions of moral responsibility. Such notions are not only good for society as a whole but for the individual in need of rehabilitation. One of us (Chuck Colson) has worked in the criminal justice field for 25 years and seen many programs fail precisely because they treat behavior antiseptically. They ignore the learning of real virtues and the turning of the heart against vices. And they leave out a man's personal connection with his Creator.

Bureaucratic protocol makes it impossible to address the emptiness of soul that goes along with drugs and other forms of self-abuse. By contrast, Teen Challenge, which enthusiastically supports the president's initiatives, labors under no such restrictions. Its leaders understand what moves people to change their lives. As Cipriano Martinez puts it, at Teen Challenge he found people who "gave me a reason for wanting to straighten my life out," people who "lifted burdens I'd carried for years, and gave me peace, joy, love, and hope." ♦

Of Missile Defense and Stem Cells

When to mobilize technology and when to rein it in. BY ERIC COHEN

AMONG THE ISSUES in American politics that inspire the most ideological fervor these days, stem cells and missile defense are at the top of the list. Missile defense has a long history: To conservative Republicans, it is a fixture of the Reagan legacy, of American strength, independence, and nuclear realism in the post-Cold War world. To liberal Democrats, missile defense is destabilizing, hegemonic, unworkable, and unwise. It will provoke a new arms race and a new age of nuclear brinkmanship. Besides which, terrorists can always attack us with nuclear car bombs anyway.

The issue of stem cells is new—a continuation of the moral and political divide over abortion, but with perhaps even greater complexity and significance. Pro-lifers see research on embryonic stem cells as involving the utilitarian destruction of the unborn. And they see it as the gateway to the darker, more ambitious modern genetic project of designing our descendants and challenging our mortality. Among the supporters of this research, the pro-capitalists and many "soft" pro-lifers foresee staggering benefits that far outweigh any associated evil. The pro-choicers see no evil at all, only a great humanitarian opportunity to extend individual health and autonomy.

What is interesting, though, are the parallel claims and counterclaims made by those who advocate or reject these emerging technologies. The advocates proclaim: If we lift the respective bans—the ABM treaty and the NIH regulations barring federal funding of embryonic stem cell research—technological miracles will follow. The skeptics proclaim: These technologies are untested, immoral, and irresponsible. On each issue, the pro-technology faction asserts not

Eric Cohen is a fellow at the New America Foundation.

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only the virtue of deploying either missile defense or stem cells, but the necessity of doing so—lest terrorists attack us or diseases kill us.

And usually—here is perhaps the most interesting point of all—the advocates of one technology reject the other. That is, missile-defense hawks, who tend to be conservatives, are usually stem cell doves; stem cell hawks, who tend to be liberals, are usually missile-defense doves. There are exceptions, but the discontinuity is common enough to be worth considering.

Perhaps not surprisingly, the two subjects are seldom discussed in the same political breath. But the relationship between the politics of nuclear weapons and the politics of the new biology is fundamental: Both stem cell research and missile defense force concrete judgments about whether modern technology enhances life or threatens it, whether it expands freedom or destroys it. Both inspire grand fears about where modern technology is leading us. Both raise questions about whether we can control what we create and what we are, and about whether such control is desirable, undesirable, or tragically necessary.

For conservatives in particular, these issues present a riddle—especially for those who seek both to augment American greatness and power, on the one hand, and to demand of the nation a technological reticence, a reverence for the unmanageable mystery of creation, and a spirit of restraint and acceptance in the face of suffering, on the other. These conservatives seem to want a "just hegemony" in international affairs, built on America's will to set the world right. But when it comes to the irrationalities and inevitability of suffering, disability, sickness, and death, they ask the nation to adopt, as bioethicist Gilbert Meilaender eloquently puts it, "the posture of one who waits, who knows his fundamental neediness and dependence."

In short, they seek both the posture of the heroic statesman and the posture of man as witness. American conservatism, at its best, cultivates both, in deference to a paradox inherent in the human condition. But politically, it is not enough simply to lift the ban on weapons-builders and maintain the ban on medical researchers, declaring oneself pro-defense and pro-life. Rather, this conservative disposition must be seen to make sense.

For the fact is, as Meilaender and others have suggested, the philosophical problems posed by our willingness to fight just wars and our desire to cure diseases are not very different. Both endeavors confront us with seemingly impossible questions:

Both stem cell research and missile defense force concrete judgments about whether modern technology enhances life or threatens it, whether it expands freedom or destroys it. Both inspire grand fears about where modern technology is leading us.

When may we take life to affirm life? Can embryos ever be justly sacrificed to help the sick and dying? Are discarded embryos acceptable "collateral damage" in the war against disease? When does courage require of us that we endure our fate, and when that we exert the will to set the world right? How and when should we use power to extend the "pursuit of happiness," be it American power overseas or medical power at home? In short: How much goodness and how much justice can men achieve here and now? And when does wisdom require a heroic acceptance of tragedy, forbearance rather than "progress" and "solutions"?

In my view, building a missile defense system and halting all embryonic stem cell research are the moral and realistic choices. But those who adopt this set of positions must recognize the grand wagers they rest on: namely, that a nuclear attack is possible but not inevitable; that missile defense is workable and will deter our enemies rather than embolden them; that the biological quest to overcome suffering—to set the world right by ending disease and perfecting imperfection—is somehow misguided; and that the further down this path we go, the less able we will be to accept, endure, and redeem our mortality and to love and honor the imperfect among us, which in the end means all of us. This treating of life as a problem to be solved has given us the modern capacity to cure disease, but also our increasing penchant for euthanasia, assisted suicide, mass Prozac, and selective abortions.

Certainly, these two conservative positions (pro-missile defense and American power, anti-embryonic stem cell research) are difficult to reconcile—the one a mobilization of modern technology, the other a call to rein it in. To acknowledge the force of the opposing views—the futility of fighting nuclear weapons with more weapons, the rightness of extending the lives of the sick and the dying even at the cost of destroying "mere cells"—is a necessity.

Perhaps the answer, if there is one, lies in America's exceptional conservatism, which in the past has inspired both the will to fight tyranny and the wisdom to acknowledge man's limits, and hence his longing for transcendent redemption or justice. To ask comfortable citizens to give their lives defending freedom around the world; to ask the sick and dying to love the mystery of life more than their own lives—both require a courageous commitment to something larger than self-interest. For a purely political conservatism oriented toward giving the voters what they want, such demands are a losing strategy. For a philosophically grounded conservatism willing to risk demanding from people the sacrifices of which they are capable, these issues are an exceptional opportunity. ♦

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No Deal

In blocking the G.E.-Honeywell merger, Europe flexes its muscles. BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

THE 20 MEMBERS of the European Commission voted unanimously to block General Electric's $45 billion takeover of Honeywell, and what's the result? For one thing, the biggest gap between front-page and business-page reporting in two decades.

The financial boom of the 1990s always had a strong page-one, human-interest element. This story is different—it's pure business-section. But that doesn't mean it's too boring to pay attention to. Because it's also about new power relations at the highest levels.

When G.E.'s chairman Jack Welch announced a year ago that he would delay his retirement in order to shepherd the deal through to completion, the thought of European involvement never occurred to him. He promised "the cleanest deal you've ever seen." In May, it sailed through the Justice Department's antitrust division. And then it went to Mario Monti, the chief antitrust regulator of the European Union.

A big worry for Monti was General Electric's Capital Aviation Services (GECAS), an air-leasing company. By leasing all its jets from Honeywell, he figured, GECAS could secure an advantage over its European competitors. Treasury secretary Paul O'Neill called this reasoning "off the wall." It didn't wash, either, with Charles James, just named head of the antitrust division in the Bush Justice Department, who attacked European obstructionism last week, saying, "Clear and longstanding U.S. antitrust policy holds that antitrust laws protect competition, not competitors."

James thereby showed that he missed the point entirely. One thing to be clear about is that both G.E. and Honeywell are U.S. companies. The sticking point in the merger wasn't that General Electric was trying to buy off a piece of Europe's industrial heritage. And it wasn't strictly a question of American versus European interests. One of the most underreported aspects of the merger was the strenuous efforts made by American competitors—particularly Connecticut-based United Technologies and Wisconsin-based Rockwell International—to lobby EU regulators to stymie the deal.

What changed was this. The economies of scale for transnational corporations are now such that no deal can be profitable if it's operative only in the United States. The 15 countries of the European Union have always constituted a larger economic bloc than the United States—but one so politically divided that it never had anything like America's political influence. American antitrust law became world antitrust law because no one in Europe could agree on any alternative to it. The blockage of the merger is evidence that Europeans now feel confident enough about their political union to speak with a united voice and lay down the law.

In other words, more than the merits of the individual case were at stake in this merger. But all the American players behaved as if they didn't realize that Europe had decided to use the occasion to declare itself a second rulemaker in the global economy. The *Washington Post* decried Monti's role as a threat to "comity" between the two continents' antitrust regulators—as if that comity had been the result of anything other than the Europeans' *lack* of an antitrust policy, at least one they could enforce against the wishes of the United States.

General Electric, at one point, tried to fix the deal by promising to turn GECAS into a "ring-fenced entity," which would be under strict self-regulation in its dealings with Honeywell. The assumption was that, since this remedy had worked like a charm in front of American antitrust judges, it would prove acceptable to the Europeans, too. But Europe's regulators rejected the remedy outright. There was a message there, too. No longer will it judge such deals by whether an American court would see them as being in good faith. From now on, it will judge them by whether they serve the interests of competition—as Europe understands it. In a press release after the takeover was blocked, General Electric complained, "The commission took a fundamentally different approach to competitive issues from its counterparts in the United States, Canada, and nearly a dozen other jurisdictions." Duh. That's precisely what Europe was up to—establishing its own antitrust norms.

But because that goal has now been achieved, G.E.'s failure to acquire Honeywell is not likely to usher in an era of bad trade relations between Europe and the United States. The European Union blocked this deal to establish its power—not its bloody-mindedness or stupidity. Like a nuclear test, its move was meant to send a message about one's seriousness—not to blow up the world.

In the trade battles of the 1990s (particularly over African and Caribbean bananas), Europe learned enough about American willingness to retaliate that a renewal of cooperation will certainly be seen as both continents' best course. And in the long run, the failure of the G.E.-Honeywell merger won't be such a big deal—provided we understand that the new balance of economic power that made it possible is a very big deal indeed. ♦

Christopher Caldwell is senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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Does Inequality Make You Sick?

The dangers of the new public health crusade.

BY SALLY SATEL AND THEODORE R. MARMOR

DR. STEPHEN BEZRUCHKA, a physician with the University of Washington School of Public Health, has made the startling claim that income inequality is the major cause of our nation's health problems. Writing in *Newsweek*'s My Turn column, he dismisses the role individuals can play in safeguarding their own well-being, claiming that "research during the last decade has shown that the health of a group is not affected substantially by individual behaviors such as smoking, diet and exercise." Better prescriptions for a healthy society, he argues, would include a "consumption tax."

Bezruchka is not alone in believing that improving health depends upon transforming economic conditions. Ichiro Kawachi of the Harvard School of Public Health, in his book *Is Inequality Bad for Our Health?*, declares income inequality an "important public health problem." Indeed, for the past decade public health experts have become increasingly eager to expand their professional agenda beyond health into broader controversies. In academia, combating inequities of all sorts has become a mission. According to Harvey V. Fineberg, former dean of the Harvard School of Public Health, "a school of public health is like a school of justice." At the National Institutes of Health, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, and health philanthropies such as the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, research on health disparities related to race, ethnicity, and class—and the *policy* implications thereof—has expanded sharply. The American Public Health Association, too, has taken up far-flung political causes. Campaign finance reform, affirmative action, and the war in Nicaragua have been subjects of its policy statements. In 1996 the theme of the APHA's annual meeting was "Empowering the Disadvantaged: Social Justice in Public Health."

To be sure, attempts to understand the ultimate non-medical sources of ill health (e.g., education, class, deprivation) have occupied scholars for decades. But there is a huge difference between explicating these factors and claiming scientific authority for political remedies, as public health professionals such as Bezruchka believe is their charge. Indeed, fixating on social transformation as the proper role of public health professionals risks taking physicians and epidemiologists away from their traditional mission, or trivializing it. That mission is to develop the scientific and practical bases of disease prevention and to devise effective ways to educate the public about health risks. Misguided political activism is also demoralizing. Columbia University scholar Ronald Bayer, a contributing editor of the *American Journal of Public Health*'s Policy and Ethics Forum, laments that so many of his colleagues believe "public health officials can do little or nothing to change the prevailing patterns of morbidity or mortality in the absence of social change." He dubs that mentality "public health nihilism."

None of this is to deny that social conditions, especially poverty, affect physical well-being and length of life. And public health practitioners do have a responsibility to design policies that reliably prevent disease, reduce contagion, and minimize injury. But they are sorely mistaken in thinking they have special expertise in changing the income distribution, in defining social justice, or in producing the instruments that can attain it.

A central premise of new public health scholarship is the "income-inequality" hypothesis. This hypothesis has spawned a minor academic industry, which has produced some important and carefully drawn epidemiological studies. It has also produced a surprising volume of ideologically driven speculation that fails to withstand critical scrutiny.

The hypothesis reached a wide audience in the early 1990s through the publications of Richard Wilkinson of the University of Sussex in England. Wilkinson claims the causal link between income inequality and individual health represents "the most important limitation on the quality of life in modern societies." From this he concludes there is "a persuasive case for the redistribution of income." Wilkinson and others point to data purporting to show that health and longevity are, in large part, determined by relative wealth. For example, wealthy countries with more equal income distributions, such as Sweden and Japan, have longer life expectancies than the United States.

Harvard's Kawachi, along with his colleague Bruce Kennedy and Norman Daniels, a philosopher at Tufts University, expand on Wilkinson's thesis. "The health of a population," they write, "depends not just on the size of the economic pie, but how the pie is shared." The authors speculate on how social inequality produces differences in health at each step on the socioeconomic ladder. "Income inequality," they observe, "appears to affect health by undermining civil society. . . . Lack of social cohesion leads to lower participation in politi-

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cal activity (such as voting, serving in local government, volunteering for political campaigns)." And lower participation, in turn, reduces government spending on public goods, such as education, and social safety nets.

Other public health scholars point to the disease-producing anxiety of not being able to keep up with the Joneses. As John W. Lynch and George A. Kaplan of the University of Michigan write, "health may be affected through individual appraisals of relative position in social order. Even those with good incomes might feel relatively deprived compared to the superrich."

There is in fact intriguing evidence that a person's socioeconomic position can affect health. Consider the landmark Whitehall studies led by Michael Marmot of University College in London. Marmot and his colleagues examined workers in the five grades of the British Civil Service; all had access to health care and at least a decent income. It was no surprise to the researchers that civil servants at the lowest grades suffered heart disease at about three times the rate of men at the top tier. But they were puzzled to discover that even highly paid professionals in the fourth category had twice as much heart disease as the workers right above them. What appeared to explain this finding was the fact that these workers had little "control of destiny"—their jobs were heavy with responsibility, but with relatively little authority.

Marmot did not presume to lead a social movement. Yet other scholars have done just that, using the Whitehall study as ammunition in their political crusade. "Illness is caused by the power imbalance in a capitalist society," insists Paula Braveman, a physician with the University of California at San Francisco. "We must counteract the free market with social programs," she told colleagues at an APHA meeting.

For those like Braveman who condemn capitalism, it is a small step to say that income inequality is the issue. Yet there are fundamental problems with the evidence upon which their arguments for the redistribution of income are based. First, consider the very measures of inequality typically cited—indices of income dispersion. "In practice, it is very difficult to distinguish the potential health effects of income inequality from the strong effects that arise from absolute need," says Harold Pollack, a policy researcher at the University of Michigan's School of Public Health. To those at the bottom of the economic ladder, it may be the ability to meet daily needs that matters most, not relative status. In this reading of the evidence, money is meaningful to the poor because of what it can buy, not because they have less of it than others. Thus, it is not so much income dispersion itself that matters for health but the proportion of the population that suffers true poverty-related problems, such as under-nourishment, lack of access to timely medical care, and so on.

We are left with energetic advocacy of a deeply uncertain claim about the connection between health and the degree of income inequality.

In the United States, for example, the poverty level is higher than in northern Europe, where the social safety net has much finer mesh. The stunted longevity of poorer people pulls down the average life expectancy for our country. What's more, Pollack points out, the health impact of inequality itself is really unknown, once one controls for closely connected characteristics like race. What we are left with is energetic advocacy of a deeply uncertain claim about the connection between health and the degree of income inequality.

There are also dangers in concluding from the relationship between health and wealth that being less well-off produces disease. Indeed, the so-called healthy worker effect suggests an opposite reading: that health may determine income. After all, people who are healthier are more likely to hold jobs and to work competitively, activities that help them advance both their social and economic positions and, in turn, protect their health.

What's more, there may well be a third variable that is linked, independently, to health and socioeconomic success. "Individuals with great self-control and foresight may choose to acquire more education," explain Jeffrey Milyo and Jennifer Mellor, economists at the University of Chicago and William and Mary, respectively. "This heightened awareness of future outcomes could translate into both better earning potential and reduced propensities to engage in unhealthful behaviors such as smoking."

Last, there are some striking exceptions to the income-inequality schema. For instance, in Denmark, the gap between the top and bottom of the income scale is smaller than in the United States, yet its citizens have a lower average life expectancy than ours. The Japanese have the longest life expectancies, but their social hierarchy is very rigid. So much for sweeping generalizations about the longevity-threatening effect of a socially stratified society.

Even if the link between inequality and health were clearly established, the public health profession has no particular expertise in reducing inequality and solving broader problems of social injustice. Expending efforts in these directions diverts public health experts from proven strategies to better the health of the population—and there is much to do. Climbing rates of HIV/AIDS among minorities, epidemic levels of obesity, low rates of screening for cancer and high blood pressure—all of these call out for attention. While the opportunity to open a new front in the public debate over income distribution is seductive to some, it will siphon energies and resources from the vital issues that the public health profession has addressed so well in the past. ♦

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"Of Blindness And The Liberal Press"

"Mr. Greeley"; said I, "try to see the connection between blindness and the liberal press."

"You tell me," replied the great Horace Greeley.

"I got glaucoma. I was going blind. For a long time I'd been writing and paying for articles published in a world famous liberal newspaper."

"So. What paper?"

"Sorry, Sir, I can't tell you. I have enormous respect and deep affection for the Father who ran it and his Son, who followed suit. Never did either ever reject a piece or edit a word. Both considered me a conservative. I'm positive both thoroughly disagreed with much of what I wrote."

"Go on."

"Believe it or not, I ended up on the OpEd page, a holy place for liberal propaganda. My glaucoma grew steadily worse. I could barely read what I wrote. Worse still, I couldn't read whatever else the great liberal paper printed."

"So?"

"One night, after I fell asleep, I dreamed I was totally blind. The truth is, I very nearly was. So, in my dreams, I learned Braille."

"Then?"

"I concentrated wholly on this great liberal newspaper, the one which accepted my articles. If I couldn't see now, I could feel, thanks to Braille."

"Continue."

"I'd seen before how liberal this great newspaper was. I'd seen how much the other, mostly liberal papers copied this great one. I'd seen how unfair it was. Any conservative was outside the pale, an enemy, a threat and every other slander any liberal came up with."

"Anything else?"

"Now, I knew Braille. I could feel my fingers confirm what my eyes saw clearly when I could see. It was the same for the other newspapers modeled on this great one. If I could not see, I could plainly feel how vulnerable was this ever growing liberal monopoly.

"Your conclusions?"

"The American people are fair. Any monopoly frightens and threatens them. If I couldn't see now I could certainly feel now where this unfair liberal monopoly was headed."

"And?"

"It's all well and good to publish 'all the news that's fit to print.' It's all wrong to say all the news on conservative issues doesn't fit."

"Good point, my boy," Horace Greeley complimented me." I told a much earlier generation to 'Go West.'" I'd never dreamed the liberal newspaper monopoly would have the West in chains as well."

"It's the truth, Sir, alas," I said. "In the end, the people will catch on. Liberals will become suspect, even liars and libelous. Too much just one side, the liberal press. Too little or not at all the other, the conservative."

"Tell,"

"It will end up an equal threat to the liberal press. A muzzle like the one clamped to the conservative press's mouth will be clamped to the mouth of the liberal press. Turn about is not always fair play. The conservative press will have its days in the sun. The liberal press will shiver in the shade. Just wait and see. Level ground, Mr. Greeley, level ground at the very least for conservatives and liberals!"

"Amen, my boy," sighed Horace Greeley.

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Poor Democracies

Instead of condescension, they deserve our support.

By Leon Aron

The post-Cold War era has produced something new in world history: an abundance of poor democracies. There are now some 70 nations with a gross domestic product below $10,000 per capita and with the basic attributes of democratic government. These regimes have been greeted in the West mostly with scorn and condescension. In reading about them, we learn of their economic struggles, their democratic deficiencies, their uncertain prospects. But their existence can also be seen as a hopeful sign, even a remarkable success story, and as a tribute to the universal appeal of freedom and self-government.

Until 1989, democracy was rare in "less developed nations." Stable democracy seemed to be a luxury only rich nations could afford, the icing on the cake of a five-digit per capita GDP. To be sure, the correlation was never perfect. An assortment of poor countries—India, the island nations of the English-speaking Caribbean, Venezuela—had been democracies for decades. Almost all the states of Central and South America had had democratic interludes sandwiched between periods of military dictatorship. And in the course of the 1980s, a few poor countries held breakthrough elections that launched durable democracies—notably El Salvador in 1982. But proto-democratic regimes that sprang up in the Third World tended to be torn apart by the magnetic tensions of the bipolar Cold War circuit. Within a few years, most devolved into leftist or rightist dictatorships, often beset by guerrilla insurgencies.

Now all that has changed. While the end of the Cold War did not in itself introduce democracy in poor nations, it greatly improved the odds for democratic stabilization. No longer assets in a global struggle, poor countries were left to their own devices—and many succeeded in establishing tenuous and flawed but real democracies, in Central and South America, Southeast Asia, and Africa, as well as in the former Soviet bloc.

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These poor democracies are bare-bones democracies. They face real economic challenges, and their civic cultures are underdeveloped by the standards of the West. Yet, for all their conspicuous faults, they feature basic individual rights and political liberties. Their people enjoy freedom of speech, the right to petition government, freedom of assembly, and the freedom to travel abroad. The opposition can organize and participate in politics, criticize the government, distribute canvassing materials, and compete for local and national office in free and more or less fair elections, whose results, in the end, reflect the will of the majority. Finally, poor democracies have newspapers free of government censorship. These characteristics distinguish poor democracies both from non-democracies (such as Burma, China, Cuba, North Korea, Saudi Arabia, Turkmenistan, and Vietnam) and from pseudo-democracies, regimes decked out in the institutional trappings of democracy, yet falling short on one or more of the criteria suggested above (for instance, Azerbaijan, Egypt, Kazakhstan, or Malaysia).

In economic terms, the poor democracies cover an enormous range: from Nigeria, Bangladesh, and India (with per capita GDPs of $440 or below, according to World Bank figures for 1999), to Peru, Russia, Jamaica, and Panama (between $2,000 and $3,000), to Poland, Chile, Hungary, and the Czech Republic (between $4,000 and $5,000), and, in the upper crust, Argentina ($7,555), South Korea ($8,500), Barbados ($8,600), Malta ($9,200), and Slovenia ($10,000). (For comparison, the rich democracies enjoy per capita GDPs over $20,000: Canada, Italy, and France are between $20,000 and $24,000; the United States is at $32,000; and Switzerland and Luxembourg are at $38,000 and $43,000. The intermediate category—democracies with per capita GDPs between $10,000 and $20,000—includes Portugal, Spain, Greece, and Israel.) Even excluding mini-states and protectorates, poor democracies are now more numerous than regimes of any other type.

For most of the past century, history was shaped by the global struggle between democracy and totalitarianism, acted out by some of the world's largest industrial and military powers: the United States, Germany, Japan, Russia, and China. The story of the 21st century, by contrast,

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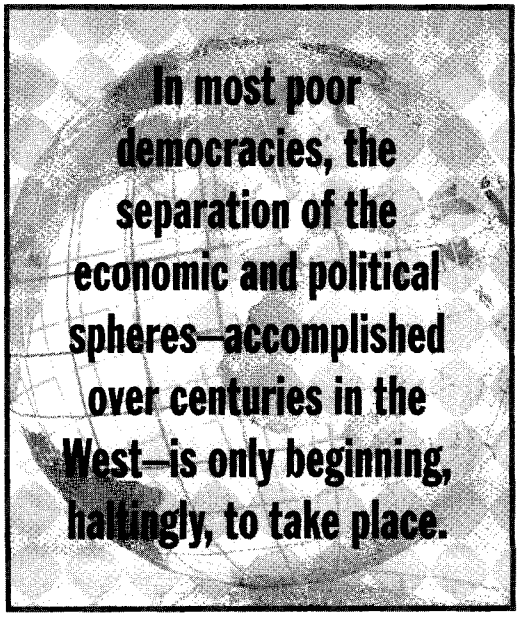
could be greatly influenced by the evolution of the poor democracies.

The poor democracies and their wealthy cousins arrived at democratic institutions by very different paths. Beginning in the Middle Ages, the Western European road to democracy was paved with slow gains in rights and immunities, as nobles secured independence from the king, and towns, the church, universities, and corporations grew progressively freer from local lords. Over centuries, a system of mutual rights and obligations took shape in the feudal relations of vassalage. Gradually, customary arrangements acquired the force of law: the sanctity of contracts freely entered into; the impartiality of courts; the self-policing of corporations, guilds, and professional associations. Local self-government preceded national democracy by centuries.

In many respects, the poor democracies' experience has been the opposite. Here, the institutions, ethical norms, and practices of modernity failed to develop under the *ancien régime*. And if most poor democracies lack a democratic culture, the formerly Communist nations are at a special disadvantage. Except in a few Central European nations such as Estonia and the Czech Republic, the "software" of liberal capitalist democracy either never existed or was badly eroded or even extirpated by decades of communism. It has been said that the post-Communist societies have had to start out as "democracies without democrats," for the totalitarian state systematically destroyed, corrupted, or subverted even nonpolitical voluntary associations, the very groupings that promote and help internalize self-restraint and compliance with rules—church, neighborhood, profession, and, at the height of Stalinism, family itself.

The revolt against the totalitarian or authoritarian state that gave birth to the poor democracies was, in most instances, a national rather than a local affair. A powerful national consensus formed in favor of personal and political liberty. This led to the embrace of the principles of democratic governance and the swift adoption of institutions through which they could be effected. Far from being an outgrowth of local self-government, democratization in these countries was an exercise in superimposing borrowed political structures—enthusiastically borrowed, to be sure—upon societies whose everyday social arrangements and values had been inherited largely intact from anti-democratic regimes.

Another crucial distinction between the poor democracies and their richer, more mature cousins lies in the relationship between property and political power. In Western Europe, the medieval unity of economic and political power eroded over centuries, until the economic and political spheres became largely (although never entirely) separate. In most poor democracies, this critical divergence is only beginning, haltingly, to take place. Political power translates into ownership or economic control, and vice versa, to the benefit of the elder, the tribal chief, the mayor, the governor, the kolkhoz chairman, or the factory manager.



Long experience of self-rule at the level of the town, the congregation, the guild, the local charity, together with the separation of the economic and political realms, forms the tallest hedge a culture can place against lawlessness and graft. One hesitates before stealing from a till one has freely voted to fill, or breaking rules one has freely agreed to uphold. The most immediate and conspicuous effect of the poor democracies' shortcut to political modernity has been corruption, which to a varying but very high degree plagues all of them.

Of course, even in the West, these formidable safeguards were no guarantee against the fraud and corruption of early capitalism.

> An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience, and thrift, spread through society . . . [and] took possession of the grave Senators of the City, . . . Deputies, Aldermen. It was [easy] and . . . lucrative to put forth a lying prospectus announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of twenty percent. . . . Every day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst and was forgotten.

This could have been written about any number of poor democracies. It is an excerpt from Macaulay's description of London at the end of the 17th century, in the aftermath of the Glorious Revolution. For that matter, there remain

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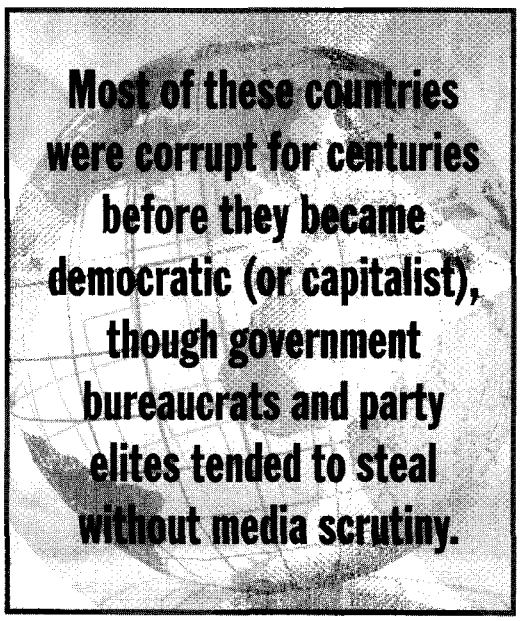
well-publicized pockets of corruption in modern rich democracies: New York and Chicago through most of the last century, Marseilles or Palermo today.

But in the poor democracies, corruption is pervasive and systemic. It is a central issue in the national politics of Peru and Mexico, Colombia and Venezuela, Brazil and the Czech Republic, Bulgaria and Romania, all the countries of the former Soviet Union, the Philippines, Turkey, India, South Korea, Nigeria, and South Africa.

Most of these countries were corrupt for centuries before they became democratic (or capitalist). There is, furthermore, a matter of perception: Government bureaucrats under dictators, and party elites under communism, tended to steal and consume inconspicuously, certainly without media attention, while the new class that has succeeded them is far less secretive and is relentlessly pursued by the media. (Hence, perhaps, the American businessman's enthusiasm for non-democratic China, where graft is centralized and strictly rank-rationed, workers are docile, secrets are protected by the police, and the lines of authority are etched by fear in the hearts of underlings, ensuring a bribe's effectiveness—by contrast with, say, Russia, a poor democracy where fear of government has been mostly forgotten, the media are brazen and hungry for scandal, prerogatives are hopelessly confused, and secrets have a half-life of two days.)



Where democracy arrived suddenly, state wealth, formerly appropriated by the dictator or the party and guarded with guns by the army and secret police, was delivered into the custody of a much less cohesive group of first-generation democratic politicians. The abolition of state ownership or control of the economy almost overnight turned state assets into a beached whale for vultures to feast on—with bureaucrats controlling access to the beach via quotas, licenses, and rigged auctions. Occurring in an institutional vacuum, privatization—whether in Mexico, Brazil, India, the Czech Republic, or Russia—necessarily brought together a newly empowered (often, newly legalized) and very hungry entrepreneur and an impoverished bureaucrat—with the predictable result.

Another defining attribute of poor democracies is their historically unprecedented combination of elections by universal suffrage with early, crude, and brutal capitalism, what Marx called the capitalism of "primary accumulation."

In the West, capitalism preceded universal suffrage by at least a century. In most poor democracies, certainly those of the post-Communist variety, democracy was the paramount societal goal, with capitalism a distant second item on the agenda. (In some countries, we have been treated to the sight, never before beheld, of modern democracy essentially without capitalism—for example, in Ukraine between 1991 and 1995.) This has produced a novel socioeconomic organism: capitalism whose key elements require approval by the voters, elements as basic as private ownership of large industrial enterprises, the right to buy and sell land, to hire and fire workers, and market prices for rent and utilities.

Where the foundations of modern capitalism are being laid for the first time in countries governed by majority rule, the consequences for both capitalism and democracy are profound. The experience of the poor democracies is a reminder of the fundamental heterogeneity of capitalism and democracy: The former institutionalizes inequality, while the latter institutionalizes equality. Amalgamated in the West by the weight of time and custom, capitalism and democracy have an especially tense, often tenuous, co-existence in poor democracies. One result is a remarkable opportunity in the early 21st century to revisit the rough and ready days of early capitalism, whose "bloodstained story of economic individualism and unrestrained capitalist competition," in the words of Isaiah Berlin, has faded from the memory of the West.

That story involves, among other things, the brutality with which the rich democracies rid themselves of surplus classes, most conspicuously the subsistence farmer and the independent artisan made obsolete by the Industrial Revolution. The pioneer of large-scale industrial capitalism, merry England, where 8 out of 10 subsistence farmers were forced off the land in the 30 years between about 1780 and 1810, traveled the road to industrialization over the bodies of farmers and urban poor—pauperized, arrested as vagabonds, branded, hanged, or shipped to the colonies. The author of the classic account of the various

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paths to modern democracy, Barrington Moore, wrote that "as part of the industrial revolution, [England] eliminated the peasant question from English politics. The admitted brutality of the enclosures confronts us with the limitations on the possibility of peaceful transition to democracy and reminds us of open and violent conflicts that have preceded its establishment."

In their leap to modernity and global capitalism, the poor democracies have had to start out with backward, autarkic, often militarized state-owned economies. Their surplus labor is concentrated in the civil service and obsolete industries: shipyards, steel mills, mines, or defense. In the 1980s, an estimated 30 percent of the Soviet economy was assumed to be value-subtracting or, to use the fashionable term, "virtual," meaning that the finished product was worth less than the raw materials and labor that went into making it. The 2000 survey by McKinsey Global Institute (the best study of the Russian economy to date) confirmed that estimate, finding 30 percent of Russian enterprises, employing 50 percent of the industrial work force, to be "not worth upgrading because they were either sub-scale or relied on obsolete technology."

Admittedly, Russia, with its extraordinary isolation and the militarization of its economy, is an extreme example; but every poor democracy that has implemented market reforms has experienced an initial large drop in GDP. The result has been surplus workers in obsolete bureaucracies and industries—be they Brazilian civil servants, Romanian miners, or the dock workers of Gdansk—creating an enormous political problem. For unlike the pre-democratic capitalist West, the poor democracies have not brutally "eliminated" these millions of people from politics, but instead have given them the right to shape the institutions and practices of emerging capitalism. They vote.

The dynamics of capitalism-by-majority are by now well known. Parliaments, often dominated by leftist populists, adopt budgets with ever greater "social spending" and subsidies for loss-making public or nominally private enterprises with politically sensitive constituencies, such as farmers or coal miners. In the absence of tax revenues even remotely commensurate with skyrocketing expenditures, budget deficits burgeon (Poland, leader of the post-Communist transition, runs a budget deficit of 8 percent of GDP), national currencies weaken, interest rates rise, and governments become heavily indebted to the international financial institutions.

In the worst-case scenario, the vicious circle closes, as governments seek to make ends meet by cutting their budgets, selling debt at astronomically high rates of return, and increasing already unrealistically high taxes. There follow depressed equity prices, stifled direct investment in the economy, capital flight, the shift of ever more economic activity into "grey" or "black" markets—and the further shrinking of the tax base. The government is confronted with a Hobson's choice, reigniting inflation by printing money or reducing already meager welfare benefits and cutting government services, with the attendant risk of losing elections to the Left (in the post-Soviet regimes, the ex-, reformed, or neo-Communists).

The principal agent seeking to reconcile democracy and capitalism in poor democracies is the state. This is an enormous task. Almost always impoverished (and often near-bankrupt), the state is saddled with the task of simultaneously promoting modern capitalism open to the global economy and coping with the huge political problems such a strategy engenders in a democracy. Thus, in 1999, Brazil sought to reduce the budget deficit (much of it due to the salaries, benefits, and pensions of a bloated civil service) by taxing pensions and imposing painful across-the-board public sector cuts. To overcome the same problem, in the spring of 2000, Argentina cut the wages of public sector workers by 10 percent to 15 percent.

Much to the annoyance of Western journalists and experts, the capitalism-by-majority practiced by poor democracies has turned out to be a very tricky business, characterized by slow and zigzagging market reforms, incomplete privatization, a less than wholehearted embrace of globalism, and at best extreme difficulty in reducing huge budget deficits resulting from social spending and the subsidization of failed industries.

Given these heavy handicaps, it would be easy to conclude that the poor democracies, however numerous, are a flash in the pan, destined to go down in history as a hopeful but short-lived post-Cold War phenomenon, too exotic to be stable, lacking the "software" of democracy, corroded by corruption, and torn apart by the tensions between democracy and capitalism.

Yet the evidence is otherwise. Democracy has endowed these countries with remarkable strength and flexibility. This was made plain in the 1997-98 "emerging markets" financial crisis. Poor democracies like Russia, Brazil, and South Korea survived rather easily, while the non-democracy Indonesia saw state authority collapse amid riots and anti-Chinese pogroms, and the pseudo-democracy Malaysia reached for scapegoats and kangaroo trials to save the regime.

Even where poor democracies have been systematically subverted, their democratic elements have proved difficult to extinguish. Cases in point are countries whose political systems combine anti-democratic and democratic practices and institutions, with neither side scoring a per-

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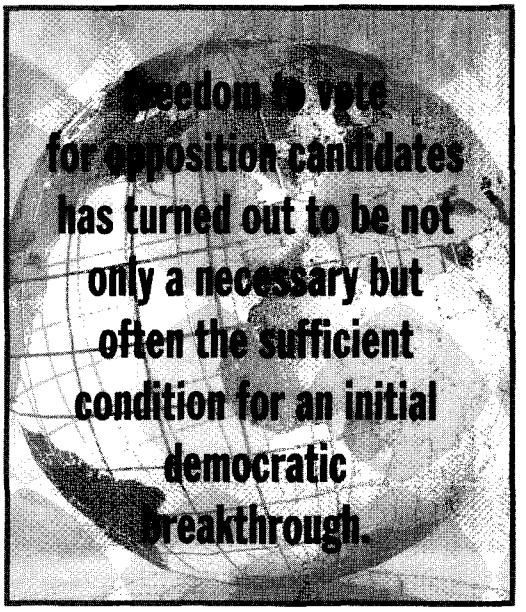
manent victory: for instance, Belarus, Zimbabwe, Haiti, and Pakistan. They also include "soft" one-party states or military dictatorships, like Mexico until Vicente Fox's victory in 2000 or Turkey today, where the opposition is permitted to exist but never to win the majority in the national parliament or to hold the highest executive office for long.

In 2000, three such nations passed the ultimate test: a democratic transfer of power. In Mexico, Ghana, and Yugoslavia, the opposition was able to dislodge a government by majority vote, ending, respectively, the 71-year, 19-year, and 13-year rule of one party or an elected autocrat.

The case of Zimbabwe is, if anything, still more impressive and heartening. A deafening agitprop campaign and open harassment of the opposition by the government failed in the face of determined and at times heroic voter resistance. First, in a referendum in February 2000, Zimbabweans defeated a draft constitution, which would have legitimized president Robert Mugabe's life term in office and authorized the seizure of land belonging to white farmers. Then in parliamentary elections in June 2000 came the spectacular success of the Movement for Democratic Change, and four months later, an attempt to impeach Mugabe, who had ruled the country since its independence in 1980.



Belarus may be another instance of deadlock between democracy and authoritarianism. Although its most recent parliamentary elections were boycotted by the opposition, there is a distinct possibility that in the next presidential election the opposition to president Alexander Lukashenko will unite behind a single candidate. "*Sen'ya—Miloshavich, zaytra—Luka*" (today Milosevic, tomorrow Lukashenko), read a poster carried by a Minsk protester last October.

Countries like Yugoslavia, Ghana, and Zimbabwe have tested and confirmed the correctness of Joseph Schumpeter's classic minimalist definition of democracy: "free competition for a free vote." In his *Capitalist Revolution*, Peter Berger elaborated: In democracies, "governments are constituted by majority votes in regular and uncoerced elections, in which there is 'genuine competition' for votes of the electorate; and those who are engaged in such competition are guaranteed freedom of speech and freedom of association." The end result is the "institutionalized limitation of the power of government."

Freedom to vote for opposition candidates has turned out to be not only a necessary but often the sufficient condition for an initial democratic breakthrough. More or less fair elections, a press free of government censorship, real choices before the voters, and mostly honest tallying of the results may be key to the exercise of popular sovereignty, even in the absence of (or with glaring deficiencies in) such components of mature liberal democracy as independent and impartial courts, the separation of powers, and checks and balances.

Among the most spectacular confirmations of this theory are Solidarity's parliamentary victory in Poland in 1989 and the upset of the Sandinista government by the United National Opposition in Nicaragua in 1990. Even when competitive elections and an honest count are confined to a few pockets within a dictatorial regime, they can portend earth-shattering change—as in the mighty strides made by pro-independence and anti-Communist candidates in elections in the Soviet republics between 1988 and 1991, or the election of Boris Yeltsin to the Congress of People's Deputies in March 1989 with 92 percent of the Moscow vote after Yeltsin had been expelled from the Politburo by Gorbachev. Variations on this scenario were played out in February 2000 legislative elections in Iran, when reformers and moderates won a number of districts and carried Tehran decisively, and again in the June 2001 presidential election, when the allegedly pro-reform president Mohammad Khatami was reelected with 76 percent of the national vote. Similarly, in March 2001 municipal elections in Ivory Coast, opposition candidates for mayor won in most cities after an almost 40-year monopoly by the ruling party. (On the other hand, in 2001 elections in Uganda and Benin, the lack of a clean vote count precluded what might have been two more democratic breakthroughs.)

What are the policy implications? First, the strength of the democratic impulse alive in poor democracies should never be underestimated. Again and again, liberty's appeal has proved pow-

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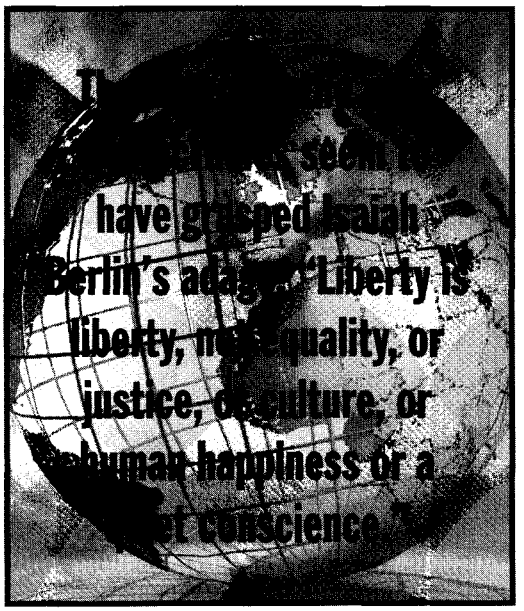
erful enough to overcome great obstacles. Elites, professing to know how the masses really feel, have time and again predicted disillusionment with democracy and its abandonment by the citizens of poor nations. Yet, in the past decade, with just a few exceptions (several African nations where democracy has been brutally and cynically subverted by warlords fanning tribal strife, and possibly Venezuela), poor democracies have resisted slipping back into authoritarianism.

Second, after almost a century of modern democracy, many Western experts and journalists have forgotten that democracy is not an all-or-nothing affair, but a system toward which a political culture may advance in fits and starts, amid contradictory impulses, by minute but cumulatively momentous steps. Experience has shown again and again that progress can defy enormous odds. This reality suggests how misleading is the term "illiberal democracy," popularized by Fareed Zakaria; a more accurate classification would be "pre-liberal democracy."



Third, we can revise the criteria by which the progress of poor democracies is measured. So pervasive has the Marxist interpretation of history become that economic growth is often considered the sole measure of progress. With rare exceptions, Western media coverage of poor democracies is shaped by GDP fetishism.

As always in matters of liberty, ordinary people have proved far wiser, and infinitely more patient, than intellectuals. The poor democracies have shown remarkable resilience under the harsh conditions of primitive capitalism. The voters in the poor democracies seem to have grasped—as have few journalists or experts—the essence of Isaiah Berlin's adage, "Liberty is liberty, not equality, or justice, or culture, or human happiness or a quiet conscience." Democracy itself, conceptually uncoupled from economic hardship, is cherished by consistent and solid majorities.

Corruption is a huge problem, and political cultures formed over centuries and misshapen in recent decades by particularly dehumanizing and irrational political and economic systems cannot be remade overnight. But the proper response to the inadequacies of poor democracies is neither to give up on their democratic prospects nor to refrain from pointing out their shortcomings. Rather, it is to encourage their democratic development while refusing to reduce their complex reality to a single issue or measure their progress by a single criterion. In addition, analysts must learn to recognize gradations of corruption—to differentiate between levels potentially fatal to democracy and liberal capitalism (the Nigerian or, until a few years ago, Sicilian level) and pernicious but non-lethal degrees (the Indian, Mexican, or Turkish).

Finally, in assessing the viability and prospects of this or that poor democracy, we tend to focus on the state, which is readily analyzable, rather than on other more elusive yet crucial parts of the picture: civil society and those aspects of economic and social development that lie beyond the state's reach. The case of one rich democracy, Italy, suggests the limitations of this approach. A leading member of Silvio Berlusconi's parliamentary coalition (triumphant in the May 13, 2001, elections) recently described the contrast between "public" Italy—which he called "bad" and "embarrassing," its legal system a "joke," its armed forces "just collecting their pay," its police "pitiful"—and "private" Italy, which he called "very good," "admired all over the world," and which in the last half-century has boasted the most vibrant, least recession-prone economy in Europe. It may be that some poor democracies will follow the "Italian path" to modernity, enduring a dysfunctional state—corrupt, wasteful, meddlesome, universally despised, and cheated by the taxpayers—while enjoying a vigorous private economy.

The progress of the poor democracies in the coming years is our best hope for diminishing poverty and violence in the world. If the West is serious about assisting them, Western leaders, public opinion, and international financial institutions must be prepared to travel a long and tortuous road. It may help to remember that, unlike the West at a comparable stage of economic development, these poor countries are practicing an early capitalism that is strengthened and made more equitable by democracy, step by painful step. Surely the poor democracies—inspired, after all, by the example of the older and wealthier democracies—deserve aid and encouragement, not neglect and disdain. ♦

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Intolerant Episcopalians

You can be any kind of Anglican nowadays, except a conservative.

By Andrew Ferguson

If Episcopalians dream of pretty churches—and believe me, they do—then one of the pretty churches they dream about is Christ Church, in Accokeek, Maryland, 20 miles south of Washington, D.C. Built during the Revolution and renovated before the Civil War, it stands today in a grove of towering cedars off a country two-lane, ringed by ancient gravestones and a low wall of red brick. On Sunday mornings, from late spring till early fall, the leaded glass windows are thrown open to let in shafts of sunlight and wisps of birdsong and breezes off the Potomac River nearby. Unless, that is, the bishop shows up. Then the doors are shut and the locks are changed and the congregation forces the bishop to celebrate mass on an adjacent basketball court, out beyond the parking lot.

Not that this happens very often. But it did happen a few weeks ago, on a Sunday morning in late May, when the Rt. Rev. Jane Dixon, acting bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, showed up in Accokeek. She was uninvited but not unexpected, and a large contingent of reporters, from print and TV, were there to greet her. Their presence and hers was testament to Christ Church's sudden and unexpected celebrity, which is now international in scope. For the Anglican Communion, the worldwide federation of churches of which the Episcopalian is a part, Christ Church has become a symbol of the conflict between the church's remaining traditionalists, who cling to an orthodox reading of the faith, and revisionists, who hope to bring the church more in line with the modern world. Christ Church is becoming the stuff of only bad dreams.

Washington Post

Bishop Dixon

Sectarian differences within the Anglican Communion are an old story—dating back 400 years, give or take a century or two—but how they came to embroil a little rural parish in southern Maryland, with no more than 150 members, is a newer and more unusual tale. It began at the end of last year when the vestry, or governing board, of Christ Church set about to find a new priest. This is a dicier matter than you might suppose. The vestry is theologically orthodox, but the bishop, who according to the canons of the national church must approve the choice of rector, is a theological liberal, to the extent that she can be said to have a theology at all.

Bishop Dixon is a large figure in the world of Anglicanism—the most prominent among a half dozen lady bishops in a church in which a committed minority of members still believe that women ought not even to be priests. When she was first named an assistant bishop of the Washington Diocese in 1992, she vowed to respect the views of the parishes within the diocese who deemed her appointment illegitimate on doctrinal grounds. She was, she said, an advocate of diversity, and her pledge not to force her annual "episcopal visits" on unwilling parishes was in keeping with the live-and-let-live civility that has historically characterized disputes among Anglicans, who are charged by God to be polite.

Andrew Ferguson is a senior editor at The Weekly Standard.

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Before too long, however, she reneged. It turned out she was using "diversity" in its contemporary sense, by which everyone, regardless of race, gender, social class, or sexual orientation, has an equal right to do exactly what the boss says. One by one, and always with a press contingent in tow, Bishop Dixon performed "forced visitations" on the parishes that had declined to invite her. Congregants responded with everything from passive resistance to frosty contempt. But she got her way in the end. Now everyone in the Washington diocese is diverse.

When the top bishop of Washington resigned last year, he appointed Jane Dixon as his temporary successor. (She plans to retire next year, when a permanent replacement will be chosen.) Bishop Dixon declined to be interviewed for this article, but a good idea of how she sees her role can be got from her most recent monthly "Bishop's Letter," in which she pays tribute to the accomplishments of her predecessors. One forcibly integrated a local parish in the 1960s, she notes, and another refused to ordain any male priests in Washington for several years in the early 1970s until the national church approved the ordination of women. She recalls another local bishop, John Walker, for his courage in opposing apartheid from his office in Washington. "I joined many clergy and laity who were arrested with him in 1985," she writes. "Bishop Walker also granted postulancy to the first openly gay woman in the diocese, a lesbian in a committed relationship." And she praises Walker's successor for the remarkable number of gays, lesbians, and people of color who became parish rectors during his tenure.

Like most Episcopal bishops, who routinely issue bulls on the importance of energy conservation, Israeli concessions in the peace process, and increased funding for AIDS research, Dixon sees her mission as largely secular, politically progressive rather than spiritual, a matter more of reforming social arrangements than saving souls. A small number of her parishes, however, remain quaintly hung up on soul-saving, and Christ Church, Accokeek, is one of them. When they issued their "call" for a new rector, the vestry emphasized "preaching and instruction" and their need for a "strong and compassionate leader who possesses the ability to inspire the congregation to serve God." They thought they'd found what they needed in Samuel Edwards, a priest in the Diocese of Fort Worth. In December, they notified the bishop they intended to offer him the job.

Since his ordination in 1979, Edwards has spent most of his career as a parish priest, but for the last five years he has acquired a measure of fame as director of Forward in Faith, an organization of traditionalist Episcopalians. By Dixon's account, not long after the vestry notified her of Edwards's prospective hiring, unnamed members of Christ Church drew her attention to some of the more incendiary pronouncements Edwards had made in his role as activist. One sample:

"When the ship has fallen completely under the control of pirates and mutineers who with supreme confidence are driving it onto the rocks, the only way members of the crew who remain loyal to its captain and his mission can stay and 'work within the system' is by gumming up the works and bringing it to a halt . . . " He went on to call the Episcopal Church "hell-bound" and worse. It is, he said, "the Unchurch," whose worldview is "derived from the kingdom of sin and death."

In keeping with her authority to reject a vestry's hiring of an objectionable priest, Dixon interviewed Edwards in her office in February, and the priest refused to repudiate his earlier denunciations of the church; even more objectionable, he repeated his view that the bishop, as a woman, could not really be a bishop—or a priest, either, for that matter—and therefore he could not recognize her authority except in a strictly limited "institutional" sense. In early March, after Edwards had signed a three-year contract with the vestry and moved his family to Maryland, the bishop announced that she wouldn't license him as a rector in her diocese. His appointment was rejected. He would have to go home.

He didn't. The vestry objected that the canons give a bishop only 30 days to reject a parish's choice of rector—Dixon had taken more than three months to formally reject Edwards—and the disagreement devolved into an exchange of lawyerly letters on fine points of canon law. Not long afterwards, the traditionalist bishop of Edwards's home diocese of Fort Worth, Jack Iker, interposed himself, offering "pastoral care" to the new rector and his congregation. Considering that Accokeek is 1,600 miles from Fort Worth, Iker's gesture was a frontal attack on Dixon's territory. The head bishop of the Episcopal Church, however, has loudly supported her, as have more than 60 other bishops of the church, while a handful of traditionalist bishops, most of them from outside the United States, have supported the vestry and Edwards.

The dramatic highpoint came in late May, when Dixon undertook one of her "forced visitations." She traveled to Accokeek one Sunday morning to force her way into the church to eject Edwards and perform a mass in his place. The congregation refused to let her in for her stated purpose. So she retreated to the basketball court nearby, set up a folding card table, and, amid catcalls from protestors and hymns from supporters bussed in for the occasion, celebrated the Eucharist on her own. In the mêlée Dixon's husband nearly came to blows with a pro-

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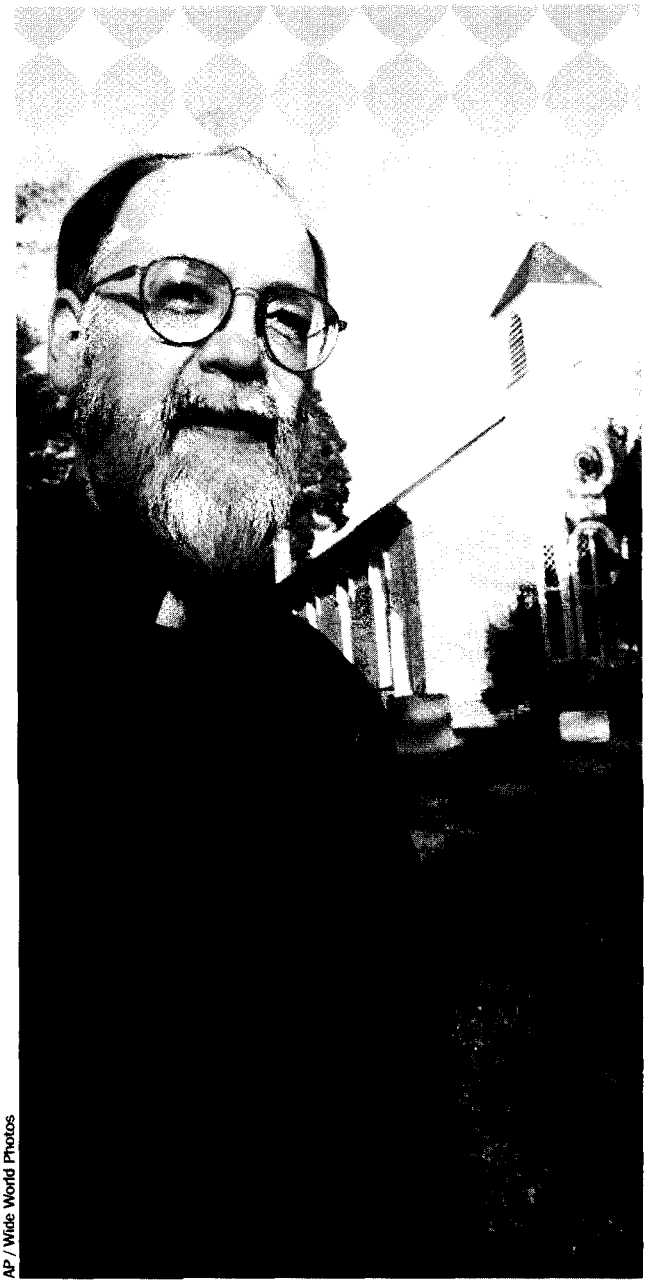

AP / Wide World Photos

Edwards, in front of Christ Church in Accokeek

Edwards congregant, who has since sued him for assault. Episcopalians didn't used to behave this way.

They do now, however—though it's generally true that lawsuits are still considered preferable to simple physical assault. Last month, Bishop Dixon filed suit against Edwards and the vestry in a Maryland court, seeking to depose Edwards, install herself as rector, and bring Christ Church, Accokeek, back into her flock. On legal grounds her claims look very strong. For more than 25 years, back to the mid-1970s, when traditionalists first began leaving the Episcopal Church in large numbers, the national administration has won nearly every lawsuit it has brought against local parishes that have tried to defy its will. Even though the church nationwide continues to shrink—most realistic estimates suggest it has lost half its membership in the last 35 years—its central authority has grown stronger, thanks to the very finest legal talent that tithes can buy.

Of course, these developments may well be related: As traditionalists have drifted away, put off by the modernist revisions of the orthodox creed, the revisionists who rose to power in the church in the 1970s are freed to exert their influence with less fear of opposition, leading to the further revision of the faith and the exit of more traditionalists, and so on. Institutionally, the true anomalies in the Episcopal Church are no longer the "experimental" liturgies for gay marriage, or the high-church ceremonies in honor of Gaia the Earth Mother, or the by-now routine renunciations of the creeds by priests and bishops; the anomalies are the traditionalists who have chosen to stay.

The vestry at Christ Church has made no public indication that it might secede from the national church, whose officers would employ their nearly limitless legal powers to keep it from doing so in any case. As membership dwindles, the lovely properties that the Episcopal Church owns around the country have become a particular point of pride. As for Edwards, who continues to enjoy the support of the vestry, he told me the other day that he "hasn't heard the call" to leave the Episcopal Church and join, for example, one of the traditional Anglican churches that have formed in the United States since the mid '70s. But neither, as Bishop Dixon is happy to point out, has he chosen to obey his bishop, as his priestly vows clearly require.

This places him in an ambiguous position, needless to say, leaving his opponents, the entire hierarchy of the Episcopal Church, to claim that it is they who are the defenders of stability and order within the church. They've got a point, and you can't help but admire their cleverness. Their predecessors—those jowly old WASPs who ruled the Episcopal Church for most of its history—were famously tolerant toward those who differed with them, and were viscerally unwilling to enforce church doctrine, and adamantly refused, on grounds of civility and good manners, to punish any transgression of canon law. As a consequence they were steadily supplanted by the present generation, whose attitude to this sort of diversity is quite different. They will not make the mistake of their predecessors. They will do what is necessary to preserve the church they have made in their own image. Which is why Father Edwards must go, and why that pretty little church in Accokeek must stay. ♦

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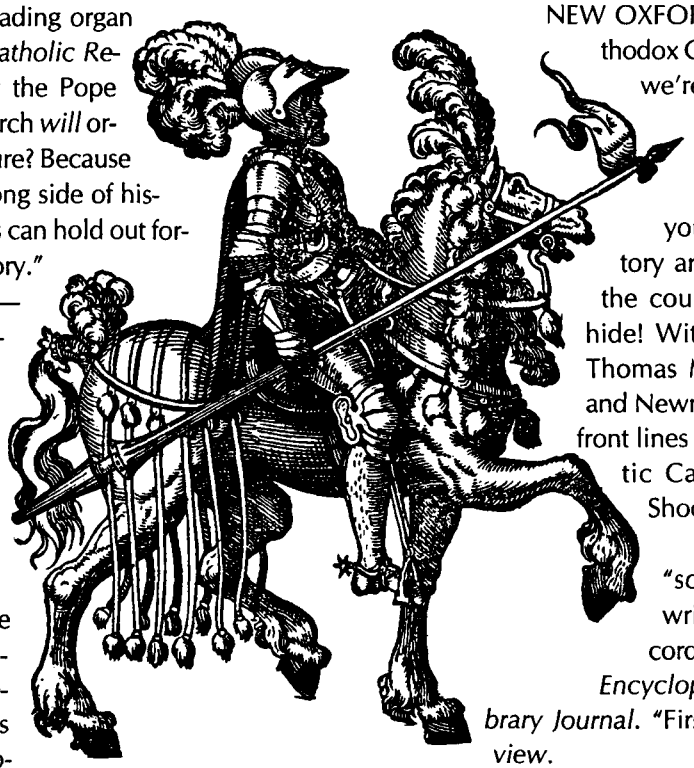
The Church Is Split From Top to Bottom: Are You in Fighting Trim?

The Catholic Church is deeply divided, not about this or that proposed "reform" but about the very nature of the Faith. When Pope John Paul issued *Ordinatio Sacerdotalis*, definitively reiterating the Church's inability to ordain women, a leading organ of dissent, the *National Catholic Reporter*, flatly contradicted the Pope and predicted that the Church *will* ordain priestesses. Why so sure? Because "the Vatican is on the wrong side of history," and "not even popes can hold out forever against the tide of history."



Whatever the issue — raunchy sex ed, shacking-up, abortion, homosexuality, radical feminism, assisted suicide, New Age spins on spirituality, profanation of the liturgy, defying Church authority — most dissenters take their cues from the fallen World, though seldom as frankly as the *Reporter* has. The Church is divided between two opposing faiths — faith in the Tide of History vs. faith in Scripture, Tradition, and Magisterium.

And the Church is split from top to bottom. Certain liberal prelates shamelessly run interference for the dissenters, publicly attack brother bishops, and openly call for a reconsideration of firmly settled Catholic teachings.

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The Red and the Black

The end of the myth of the Spanish Civil War

By Stephen Schwartz

A 1936 Spanish propaganda poster. All photos: Hulton/Archive.

The Spanish Civil War—the conflict from 1936 to 1939 between the mainly socialist and anarchist militias defending the Spanish Republic, and the right-wing forces headed by General Francisco Franco—is often described as the last purely idealistic cause of the twentieth century. Certainly this is how the intellectual tradition of the Left remembers it. For radical writers, theorists, and activists in America and England, nothing looms larger than those days when pure-hearted idealists from around the world went to Spain to help the leftist Spanish government resist the forces of Fascism and oppression.

Which means there's something almost sad, like shaking a child awake from a pleasant dream, about the appearance of *Spain Betrayed: The Soviet Union in the Spanish Civil War*, the latest entry in Yale University Press's extraordinary Annals of Communism series. Edited with commentary by Ronald Radosh, Mary R. Habeck, and Grigory Sevostyanov, the volume consists of over five hundred pages of documents discovered in Russian archives. It will effect a complete overturn in historical perceptions of the twentieth-century Left. With the appearance of *Spain Betrayed*, the last undefiled temple of the Marxists and their admirers has been permanently undermined.

On March 2, 1938, Ernest Hemingway wrote a letter to fellow novelist John Dos Passos that for pure mean-

Spain Betrayed
The Soviet Union in the Spanish Civil War
Edited by Ronald Radosh, Mary R. Habeck, and Grigory Sevostyanov
Yale University Press, 576 pp., $35

spiritedness would be hard to exceed. In it, Hemingway accused Dos Passos of selling out, for money, the Spanish cause they had both embraced: "When people start in being crooked they usually end up being crooked about everything. . . . Honest Jack Passos'll knife you three times in the back for fifteen cents and sing *Giovanezza* [the fascist anthem] free. . . . There's always work . . . for anyone who thinks as you do."

The cause of Hemingway's polemic was a series of articles Dos Passos had published after returning from the territory controlled by the Republican forces, in which he exposed the extent of Soviet domination—and betrayal—of the Spanish Republic. The prime example for Dos Passos was the disappearance of his Spanish translator, José Robles, a professor at Johns Hopkins who had gone to Spain, like Dos Passos, to serve the Republic. In a sequence of events still unelucidated today, Robles fell afoul of Soviet agents and vanished, never to be seen again.

Dos Passos had gone to Spain as a valued literary asset, but while he searched for clues to the Robles case, he met a Soviet commander known as "Walter." He reported on this encounter

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in *Partisan Review*, the New York organ of the dissident left intellect, and Hemingway lambasted him for referring to the officer as a "Russian general." Hemingway wrote, "The only trouble about this, Dos, is that Walter is a Pole.... You didn't meet any Russian generals."

This exchange between a pair of American authors is relatively unimportant, of course, but it stands as a microcosm of the historical controversy that has surrounded the Spanish Civil War since it ended more than sixty years ago. One remarkable feature of this debate is that it has been fought exclusively on the Left; almost no intellectuals outside Spain have come forward to defend Franco, who won the war and ruled the country as a dictator for some thirty-five years. To Hemingway, the war involved resistance to the interventionist forces of Hitler and Mussolini, in which the Soviets were heroes and the Spanish people were bystanders, rather like extras in a film. Hemingway would eventually denounce the Communists, but he could not admit his own complicity in promoting them.

For Dos Passos, the fate of the Spanish, particularly the non-Communist Left, was paramount. The distortion of their struggle by the Communists, as well as the political murders the latter committed freely in Spain, marked a personal watershed: He would never again trust radical ideology.

Each of these interpretations had active partisans in the decades that followed. They included foreign volunteers who had gone to Spain to fight rather than, like Hemingway and Dos Passos, to write, but who broke into bitterly opposed factions. A group of Americans, overwhelmingly drawn from the Communist party and its fronts, had enlisted in the Moscow-controlled detachments in the Spanish Republican army, known as the International Brigades, and defended a Soviet-line mythology about the war. They had served in a separate unit, the Abraham Lincoln Battalion (whose name, inflated enough in its identification with an American president, they would in memory further inflate by calling their battalion a "brigade"). They insisted the Communists had been the best, if not the only, fighters; that nearly all others (especially the numerous anarchists and the members of a small, anti-Stalin Marxist group, the POUM or Workers' Party of Marxist Unity) were ineffective, cowardly, or traitorous; and that the conflict involved purely "liberal" goals. The Republicans, they claimed, defended an "elected, legitimate government," which was not even leftist, against a German and Italian invasion.

On the other side of the debate were those like George Orwell who fought alongside the Spanish rank and file, in a militia column of the execrated POUM. To Orwell and those like him, the Communists were sinister opportunists who

Francisco Franco in 1937

sought to divert the conflict from its original, social-revolutionary aims. Indeed, Orwell saw in the war the end of the historic, high-minded tradition of European socialism and the triumph of Soviet totalitarianism within the international Left.

In general, the split between Stalin's supporters and opponents reflected a division between cynics and idealists. As depicted in a devastating memoir by the left-wing writer Josephine Herbst, *The Starched Blue Sky of Spain*, Hemingway shrugged off the liquidation of Dos Passos's friend Robles, while reveling in his supplies of food and other luxuries in Madrid, a city under siege in which a slice of dry bread was the typical daily ration. Herbst described herself and Dos Passos sharing the meager fare of Spanish militiamen, and virtuously declining when Hemingway leaned over the banister in his hotel and called them to breakfast, the odors of bacon, eggs, and hot coffee wafting around him.

For Hemingway, Stalinism was a form of masculine affirmation, comparable to bull-fighting, big-game hunting, or deep-sea fishing. The American veterans of the Lincoln Battalion shared this hard-shell outlook, which they have maintained as they die off, a dwindling band who denounce Orwell, not Franco, as their enemy.

By Franco's death in 1975, however, the battle of historical memory within Spain had clearly been won by the anti-Stalinists. The Muscovite claim that the war was a pure and simple struggle between democracy and international fascist aggression is largely absent from the contemporary Spanish historical discourse, in which the conflict of the 1930s is typically referred to as "la revolución." While a (right-wing) Spanish government recently granted citizenship, in a complicated bureaucratic process, to surviving International volunteers, that action was as perfunctory as it was sentimental. Much more illustrative of post-Franco Spanish reality was the election in 1984 of Ramón Fernandez Jurado to the Catalan regional parliament; forty-six years before, he had been the victim of Communist attacks as a POUM militia leader.

Neither Hemingway, nor the Lincoln Battalion combatants, nor Dos Passos, nor Orwell, would have been likely to predict such outcomes; for them, the Stalinist vision of the Spanish war, whether they loved it or hated it, seemed destined to prevail. And certainly, that picture—the dominant myth, outside Spain, for decades—answered the need of foreigners for a simplistic account, and it remained. It is difficult to imagine them anticipating that, sooner or later, at least some part of the Soviet archives would be opened—much less that it would be opened to *non*-Communists, and that a volume like *Spain Betrayed* would be the result.

It turns out that Dos Passos, not Hemingway, was right after all—as demonstrated by a report from the Pole

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Spanish Republican soldiers marching to the front lines, September [illegible], 1936.

"Walter," whose real name was Karol Swierczewski, and who, regardless of his nationality, was indeed a Soviet general. The vindication of the anti-Stalinist position on Spain does not end there. As presented in these documents, the role of the Communists, both foreign and domestic, and their role in the Spanish Republic, is appalling.

The aim of Moscow from the beginning proves to have been to take the Republic out of the hands of the non-Communist Spaniards, whether socialist or anarchist, and deposit it with Stalinist cadres. As it happens, the Communists, who had almost no following in Spain's labor movement, never gained the backing of the Spanish masses, even in the heat of the war. The Russians and their agents, notwithstanding their arrests, assassinations, and other, subtler means, never succeeded in completely suppressing their leftist critics, among either anarchists or the POUM.

As late as November 1938, Erno Gero, a sinister Hungarian sent to Spain to coordinate Soviet transformation of the Spanish regime into a "people's republic," complained that anti-Soviet socialists and anarchists, along with the "Trotskyists" of the POUM, had launched "a strong offensive . . . against the Communist Party" and its influence over the government. In one of many extraordinary admissions, Gero noted the "fear of Communists that exists in the various parties and institutions . . . owing to the growth of the Communist party's influence . . . especially in the army." The Russians' effort to destroy their left-wing rivals and gain advantage for their Spanish pawns had failed.

The character of the International Brigades, including their American participants, is equally discredited from the mouths of the Soviet functionaries. General Walter—the same one Dos Passos had met—pointed out that the fifteenth brigade, which included the Americans, was top-heavy with command staff, adding dryly, "one of the most important concerns of the command must be finding useful work for this platoon of officers." The English-speaking volunteers (including British and Canadians) seemed to have thrown away their bayonets, apparently on the assumption they would not have to do any real fighting, and did not know how to keep their rifles clean. "There was only a handful of cleaning rags in the brigade," Walter commented.

But the most shocking element of the picture, especially for those who for sixty years have witnessed the Lincoln veterans preening themselves for their antifascist virtue, consists of the marked discrimination practiced by the foreign volunteers among themselves, as well as against the Spaniards. A Soviet officer of worldwide fame in his time, under the combat alias "Kléber," commented that the "international" officers treated the Spanish troops "as the officers of the imperialist armies related to the soldiers in the colonial armies."

According to Walter, the International Brigades, inspired by slogans of worldwide unity against Fascism, were plagued by a "petty, disgusting, foul squabble about the superiority of one nationality over another. . . . Everyone was superior to the French, but even they were superior to the Spanish, who were receiving our aid and allowing us to fight against our own national and class enemies on their soil." Anti-Semitism was a serious problem among these "progressive" fighters. Above all, the International Brigades possessed transport, food, and other supplies far in excess of their Spanish counterparts, with whom they resolutely refused to "share their wealth." Walter observed "mountains of ammunition thrown out as unwanted, although that same materiel would have met the needs of Spanish brigades."

In later years, the Lincoln veterans always seemed to refer to a Spanish war completely separate from that experienced by the Spanish people. General Walter's reporting confirms that this was so: "We internationalists live our own isolated life," he wrote. International Brigade officers accounted exactly for the numbers of foreigners killed and wounded in battle, but "never knew of the casualties of the Spanish personnel."

British and American volunteers, receiving plentiful food and cigarettes from home, paid no attention to the fact that Spanish troops went for long periods of time without tobacco—a demoralizing factor in any war. It is perhaps characteristic that, in recent years, the surviving Lincoln veterans have exulted in the Spanish government's offer of recognition to the remaining International Brigaders, but ignore the fact that no veteran's benefits have been awarded

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to the thousands of Spanish survivors of the Republican Army.

The well-equipped foreigners, Hemingway with his food hoard and the Lincoln volunteers with their Lucky Strikes, could not win the Spanish war, no matter what their intoxication with police powers and ideological control. Agents and accomplices of Russian imperialism seeking to colonize Spain, they prevented a victory by the starving, self-sacrificing Spanish militias, who held out for three years. These forgotten, ordinary, Spanish heroes—thanks in very great part to Radosh and his team of collaborators, Yale Russian translator Mary R. Habeck and Moscow archivist Grigory Sevostyanov—may now attain, outside Spain, their rightful place in history. ♦

Life with Milly

Morton Kondracke's love story.

BY J. BOTTUM

Morton Kondracke is a reporter in Washington, D.C., and a name to conjure with: a writer for the Capitol Hill newspaper *Roll Call*, a star on the political television program *The Beltway Boys*, an original member of *The McLaughlin Group*, a man who has followed the ins and outs of American politics for more than thirty years.

But his wife is dying—and dying hard, suffering through all the shuddering pain and indignity of advanced Parkinson's disease. What answer is there to that? None of his television fame, writing success, or political intelligence can abate her suffering or buy her the least gain of life.

Saving Milly: Love, Politics, and Parkinson's Disease is Kondracke's tale of his marriage, his career, and his sorrow. It makes almost unbearable reading. The book is in part a plea for increased funding for research into the disease, and it is in part a cry lifted up to God—a cry of anger and a cry of submission that recognizes our duty to the ill: to feed them, and bathe them, and comfort them, when they cannot feed or bathe or comfort themselves. Mostly, though, *Saving Milly* is a story of the eternal pity of the human condition. Milly Kondracke's life has been spared so far, but not the pain.

Saving Milly
Love, Politics, and Parkinson's Disease
by Morton Kondracke
Public Affairs, 288 pp., $25

As *Saving Milly* describes her, Milly Kondracke was a lively, fun, hard-headed woman: a fireball and a live wire; half-Mexican, half-Jewish, and entirely herself. Born Millicent Martinez, she was the red-diaper daughter of Chicago radicals. (Her father, a Mexican national, was deported from the United States for Communist activities when she was ten.) Kondracke met her when he was starting out as a reporter for the *Chicago Sun-Times*—but it wasn't love at first sight.

Or perhaps one should say that it *was* love at first sight, but Kondracke didn't want to believe it. He had plans. He wanted to be a "big-shot journalist." He carried a picture of the *New York Times*'s James Reston in his wallet, and Reston had told him that marriage was important—important for one's career, which is the only kind of important that matters. If you can't marry a rich girl from Vassar, why marry at all?

Love has a way of getting around such questions, and a year later, in 1967, Kondracke, almost despite himself, married the impoverished but "irresistible" Milly. (Twenty years later, Milly would still remember: There was only one school to which her daughters could not apply for college, and that was Vassar.)

A fairy tale, as G.K. Chesterton once pointed out, always ends "and they lived happily ever after"—which is not necessarily the same thing as living *peacefully* ever after. The fairy tale's bride and groom can still be happy, even if, from time to time, they throw the furniture at each other. The Kondrackes had one of those happy, furniture-throwing marriages. They had a pair of daughters, Milly trained as a psychotherapist, and Morton became a success: the *Sun-Times*'s White House correspondent, a Neiman Fellow at Harvard, a writer for the *New Republic*, and bureau chief for *Newsweek*.

Along the way, particularly during the "huge mistake" of working at *Newsweek*, Morton Kondracke began to drink hard. He had always suffered, he writes, from a debilitating "combination of snobbery and a lack of self-confidence." That is, of course, the disease nearly every writer has, the self-destructive mix of arrogance and jealousy, and Kondracke tried to cure it with alcohol, as so many other writers have. After a series of terrifying incidents and raging arguments that rocked their house, Milly convinced him to begin attending meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous. It was there he quit drinking—and there as well he experienced the first spiritual feelings that would lead, eventually, to his Christian conversion.

It barely came in time. In 1987, Milly began to complain that her signature was changing. She had always had beautiful, ornate handwriting, and suddenly she couldn't form the letter K in "Kondracke" the way she used to. Although they didn't know it at the time, that was the first moment "the shadow of Parkinson's disease cast itself upon our lives."

From there, it has been a long, painful slide—the inevitable pattern of debilitating disease: one power lost after another; one new treatment after another, each bringing a small hope, each hope betrayed. "Parkinson's has kidnapped my wife," Kondracke begins his book. "She cannot walk, and now she

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can barely speak. She is being carried into an abyss, and I am helpless to rescue her."

Saving Milly is a small but powerful memoir of Morton Kondracke's joys and sorrows, and a moving memorial to his wonderful but dying wife. It also, however, has a political agenda—making a demand, from the foreword by the actor Michael J. Fox to the book's conclusion, that the government do everything in its power to increase funding for research into a cure.

The arguments are often convincing. Political activism stands behind much of American medical research: The National Institutes of Health spend only around $53 a year in research for each Parkinson's victim, as opposed to $1,800 for each victim of AIDS, and one reason for the difference is the political clout of those touched by the disease. So why shouldn't Morton Kondracke become an activist, joining Parkinson's sufferers Michael J. Fox and Muhammad Ali on the front lines of the political battle? An increase in funding would be money well spent. "Without God's intervention, a cure for Parkinson's will arrive too late to save Milly," Kondracke writes. "Brain scientists say that enough is known that this disease could be cured in five to ten years—if adequate resources are devoted to the task."

But the arguments are not always convincing. On the necessity for research with embryonic stem cells, for instance, Kondracke may well be wrong, his book betraying the fact that it was finished before the disastrous first tests of embryonic stem cell treatment and the discovery of the availability of stem cells gleaned from adults.

Nonetheless, as he no doubt hoped would be the case, *Saving Milly* has already been used in the fight over stem cells. In a *Washington Post* column with the horribly inverted title "Embryos of Hope," Richard Cohen demanded last month that President Bush read the book to learn why federal funding is needed for embryonic stem cell research.

All that raises the question of just how far a journalist may go in political activism and still remain a journalist. Morton Kondracke was always more willing than others to use his journalistic clout—or, at least, Milly was always more willing. In the 1970s, an Eastern European poet whom Milly had befriended was having trouble getting an American visa, and she persuaded Kondracke to threaten the White House with an article on his plight unless he was admitted into the United States. More recently—and, again, because of Milly—his work as a lobbyist on Parkinson's disease has come near to costing him his congressional press pass.

There is an answer to this question of journalistic activism, but it is a hard one—too hard to give a man flailing in rage and grief against the disease that is claiming his dynamic, vibrant wife of thirty-four years. If *Saving Milly* succeeds, as it ought, in increasing funding for Parkinson's research, then Morton Kondracke will have done well. At making us remember Milly, he has already succeeded. ♦

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—THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"Impressive, compelling arguments... tells a gruesome, hugely important story about America today."
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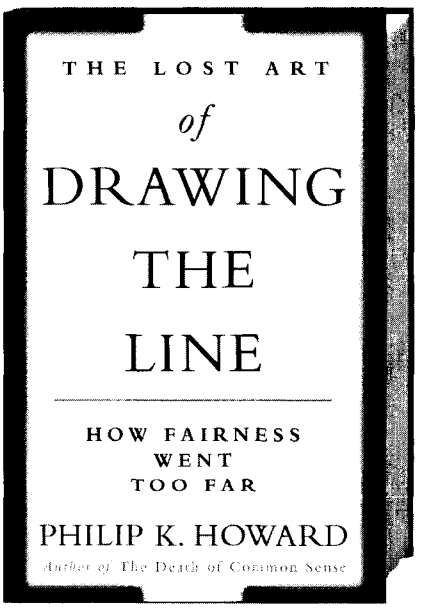

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The Naturalist as Narcissist

Edward Hoagland's safari to himself.

BY JULES COHN

In all his books of nature and travel observation, Edward Hoagland subjects wild creatures and faraway places to his writerly mannerisms. Whether the topic is trivial or profound, Hoagland's polished prose can coat it with slickness. And now, in *Compass Points*, he focuses again on exotic creatures and strange locales—except this time, the creatures are his friends and family, and the locales are the American scenes in which he's lived. *Compass Points* is Hoagland's memoir, and it mostly reveals how difficult it is for a serious idea to penetrate the mind of a well-bred, well-educated, well-traveled, and well-off American writer of the liberal persuasion.

Pantheon

Compass Points
How I Lived
by Edward Hoagland
Pantheon, 293 pp., $25

A famous supporter of environmental causes ("I care wholeheartedly about what's happening to the frogs"), Hoagland establishes his family pedigree, reports on his colorful career as a gentleman journalist, and describes a slew of mentors, cronies, and girlfriends—along with two marriages, two divorces, and some painful medical problems. Born "into the Protestant Establishment" in 1932, Edward Hoagland was reared in New York City and New Canaan, Connecticut, by parents whose roots in this country he proudly traces to the seventeenth century. His father was a Wall Street lawyer who later became an executive at Standard Oil.

Before he was camping out with Cajun trappers or roughing it on the untrammeled Omineca River in British Columbia, he attended school with the sons of (according to his own score sheet) Charles Lindbergh, Nelson Rockefeller, Joseph Kennedy, and the Aga Khan. "I went to a kind of Yeshiva called Deerfield Academy," he writes, in a preppy's mindless one-liner. He went to Harvard, too, and, born to the manor, partook of the educational advantages available at private country and city clubs, where he witnessed bigotry that he says dismayed him.

There was also a trust fund that bankrolled the early writing career of this celebrant of nature. What a pity that the money came from logging operations among "primeval Douglas firs." But thanks to those lost trees, Ted Hoagland never needed to be held down by a job. From the beginning of his career he had time and money to roam and write. The flow of his prose has encircled Alaska's fjords and Kilimanjaro, run with the Stikine River, and spilled over septic systems in rural Vermont. The indefatigable stylist has slummed in fleabag hotels to write about prostitutes and homelessness, joined the circus to describe roustabouts and freaks. He has rendered African elephant handlers, racetrack grooms, and now in *Compass Points*, Norman Podhoretz.

From the beginning, Hoagland has been held by pious liberal attitudes: In 1967 he tore his draft card in half and mailed it to Lyndon Johnson. And his present book is a compendium of the specious slogans, feel-good attitudes, and moral relativism that still reigns among the liberal gentry. "Like Mobutu or Mussolini," we've all been cruel and grandiose, have lied, and postured. Hoagland's unabashed assumption is that all history revolves around himself. The 1960s, for example, were good because they brought *him* sexual liberation.

Though Hoagland's work lacks moral weight, his standing in the literary firmament is solid. He is a longtime member of the prestigious American Academy of Arts and Letters, and of the Manhattan literati (in the Lion's Den division, a Greenwich Village bar popular with writers and editors). Famous names are dropped in *Compass Points* as readily as references to tundras, ice floes, and African rock pythons: Archibald MacLeish, John Berryman, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Jessica Lange (she was a waitress in another Village joint), and Cynthia Ozick. When he was not on the trail with alligator hunters or muskrat skinners, Elie Wiesel's "incessant Park Avenue parties" provided opportunities for urban hobnobbing. And in the "integrated housing" (in point of fact a 1,300-square-foot duplex, river views, in a publicly subsidized high-rise) where he lived with his second wife, "our neighbor James Beard" was sometimes telephoned for culinary advice.

In the self-mocking style characteristic of gloating Harvard grads and country-club golfers, Hoagland boasts, "I was not much use at anything except writing." He slathers his first wife with tender words while recounting how he abandoned her. His regard for his second wife (who died a few years ago) is coupled with the confession that he betrayed their marriage. In *Compass Points* he betrays her again, disclosing intimate details about her for no reason

Jules Cohn is a writer in New York City.

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other than authorial vanity and service to the Great God Writing. In his relentlessly elegant prose, she is memorialized and embalmed, along with the hawk in a basswood tree and "the yellow miracle of moss."

That second wife was Marion Magid, for many years a distinguished editor at *Commentary*. They had a reasonably contented life, according to him, until "social change" tore them apart. The problem, really, was that she was not a liberal, was unstintingly loyal to Israel, had come under the influence of neoconservatives, and probably voted for Reagan. It was, you see, not Hoagland but the social disaster of the rise of conservatism in America that destroyed his marriage.

It was this marriage that brought him into contact with members of the "Jewish Establishment" and provided more exotic ecological material for his authorial mill. His memoir abounds with details about the habits, plumage, and distressing behavior of some of the species, as well as the deplorable opinions of the "sleek and tony neoconservatives who were tailored like WASPS." *Commentary*'s editor-in-chief, Norman Podhoretz, was "abrasive and ingratiating," and "shaped like a fireplug." Toward the end of his account of the "directions" of his life, Hoagland describes the moment when he knew he was traveling with the wrong crowd. He was riding uptown in the fancy car of a nouveau neoconservative with a nice tan but a bad attitude. And there at a stoplight, this guy, who had done pretty well "riding the neoconservative wave," who had taken rabbinical training for awhile, and whose father, "if I recall, had had a horse and wagon hauling junk in Winnipeg fifty years before," had the cheek to be impatient with a few people who delayed them by asking for a handout.

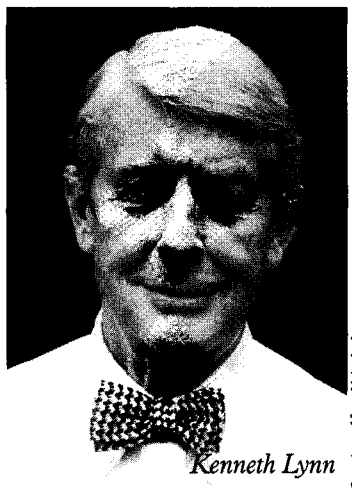
As a title for his memoir, *Compass Points* is strangely appropriate—for Hoagland has always had only himself for a compass. North, south, east, or west, he's secure in his attitudes, proud of his prejudices. "Sunshine and drifting water under a shifting mosaic of leaves. I mean, what more do you need to believe?" ♦

The American Scholar

Kenneth Lynn, 1923-2001.

BY WILFRED M. MCCLAY

Kenneth Lynn enjoyed a long and productive career as a scholar of American literary and intellectual life, first at Harvard, then in a quixotic attempt to turn Washington's Federal City College into a serious university, then at Johns Hopkins, and then in a very active retirement. He produced countless articles, essays, and reviews, and thirteen books, including important studies of Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Ernest Hemingway, and Charlie Chaplin. His was in no sense an unfulfilled talent.



Kenneth Lynn

Courtesy Mrs. Valerie Lynn

But what made his death on June 24 at age seventy-eight so hard to take was the fact that, contrary to the universal pattern, his work was actually getting steadily better. And there was every reason to believe the large-canvas biography of Rudyard Kipling on which he was hard at work at his death—a bold departure for a man whose entire previous career had focused upon the study of American figures—would be his finest work yet. He had already sketched out ambitious travel plans, not only to do research but to visit many of the places Kipling had been. The project was about to move into high gear. Kenneth Lynn seemed only to be gathering strength, until the very moment leukemia appeared at his door and stayed until night came.

Wilfred M. McClay holds the SunTrust Chair of Excellence in Humanities at the University of Tennessee in Chattanooga.

I can remember exactly when I first encountered his name. It was in a 1979 issue of the *American Scholar*, in a clutch of irate letters about an article Lynn had written called "The Regressive Historians." What on earth had this man said, to produce such bile in response? The offended letter-writers made the article so intriguing I had to go back to the previous issue—and once I read it, I was hooked forever.

Although the politicization of historical scholarship was not yet as advanced in 1979 as it is today, narrow academicism and dreary prose were plentifully in evidence, and the ideological deformations now so familiar were taking hold. In that discouraging context, Lynn's essay came as a sheer astonishment. I had never found anything written by a contemporary American historian that was so forceful, pithy, graceful, funny, and fearless. Academics love to use the word "provocative" as a term of approbation, but they scream bloody murder whenever something genuinely provocative actually comes along. And here, by God, was a genuinely provocative piece of writing by a live-wire scholar who wrote like a dream, was free of the smelly orthodoxies, was ready to take on the eminences of his field, was willing to make waves, and was able to make the study of American history the exciting thing it deserves to be. After reading "The Regressive Historians," I knew I wanted to go to graduate school where Kenneth Lynn taught.

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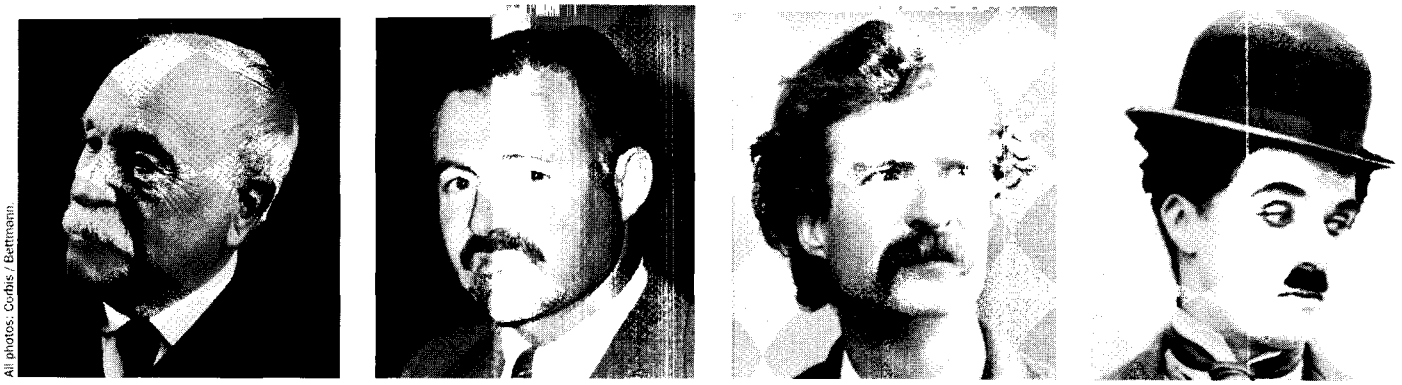

All photos: Corbis / Bettmann

Some of Kenneth Lynn's biographical subjects: William Dean Howells, Ernest Hemingway, Mark Twain, and Charlie Chaplin.

When I found him at Johns Hopkins, he turned out to be not at all what I had expected. A ruggedly handsome, athletic man then in his late fifties, with finely chiseled features, jutting jaw, penetrating blue eyes, and an impressive head of wavy brown hair, he looked every inch "The Professor from Central Casting," even down to his old-fashioned woolen tweed suits with their antique lapels and baggy straight-legged trousers. So I expected to find him an efficient, highly methodical teacher, disciplined, conservative, and hierarchical in his methods. But he was not that way at all. Indeed, he always seemed to me slightly uneasy in the teacher's role, partly because his approach to teaching was so unorthodox and intuitive, but also because he was so often preoccupied with whatever questions he was writing or thinking about. He refused to reduce teaching to a didactic process and maintained an almost improvisational air. There were times when no one—perhaps including him—knew exactly what was coming next.

In fact, this lack of a method turned out to be one of his greatest strengths. It meant that he didn't so much teach us as let us in on his thoughts—which were infinitely more interesting and instructive than merely "covering the material." Unlike many of his Hopkins colleagues, he had no interest in training people, no interest in creating disciples, no interest in building an empire. Nor did he have much of a commitment to the discipline of history in itself. He had been in the English department at Harvard and history at Hopkins, and he was equally at home, and equally not at home, in either setting. Disciplinary identity was irrelevant to him. What he wanted to do was write and think.

When he needed, of course, he could be a polished and entertaining formal lecturer. He had a superb stage presence and one of the most extraordinary reading voices I have ever heard, extraordinary less for its sonority than for the remarkable blend of intelligence, structure, and weight he imparted to the words as he spoke them. But his real gifts as a teacher were evident outside the classroom. He taught mainly by intellectual example. A lunch with Kenneth in the Levering Hall cafeteria—he always preferred that more plebeian setting to the Hopkins Club—especially when he was working on something and wanted to bounce his ideas off you, was worth three semesters of seminars.

For a student, this way of doing things could be immensely flattering, and immensely intimidating. Flattering, because he was, by implication, treating us as equals. Intimidating for the same reason—he was treating us as equals, not as insubstantial graduate students, used to being indulged, and from whom nothing much could be expected. Not everyone came to appreciate the treatment. And it could be daunting to receive his criticism, precisely because his standards were so high. I still remember conferring with him once in his office, about a draft of something I'd written, and getting some fairly astringent criticism, culminating in his saying, with a certain disgust, "Bill, this is the sort of approach that *Hofstadter* might have used." He did not grade on the curve—not with Richard Hofstadter and not with me. There was one standard, one law for the lion and the ox, and no allowances made for youth. We all were playing in the same league.

Lynn was born in Cleveland in 1923, and his facility as a writer may well have derived from the influence of his father Ernest, who was a newspaperman and author of such novels as the 1930 *Jealous Wives*. But the crucial elements in his early intellectual formation came into play at Harvard after World War II, where the interdisciplinary American Studies movement was in its heyday, and an unusually mature generation of students, many of them returning veterans like Kenneth Lynn, streamed into the lecture halls, eager to make sense of the character and destiny of their newly predominant nation. At Harvard, Lynn soon came under the influence of three giants of Americanist scholarship: Perry Miller, a legendarily tough-minded literary historian known for his magisterial revisionist studies of New England Puritanism; F.O. Matthiessen, whose equally magisterial *American Renaissance* had become a key text of the new "American Studies" movement; and the youthful Oscar Handlin, whose work was soon to revolutionize the study of American social history.

By 1954 Lynn had finished his doctoral work and joined the Harvard English department, and his first book appeared the following year. *The Dream of Success* (1955), a critical study of five *fin de siècle* realists (the novelists Dreiser, London, Phillips, Norris, and Herrick), established the pattern of his work. His trademark prose combined keen psychological insight, sensitivity to literary forms and meanings, and a sophisticated sense of historical background. He seemed from the start to have a knack for biography, not only as a means of discerning the shape of a life, but also as a way of integrating a variety of disciplines. "The personalities of the authors," he later wrote in his 1973 book of essays, *Visions of America*, are where "history and literature intersect interestingly." Whether about the essays of Emerson or the journalism of Walter Lippmann, the causes of the American Revolution or the effects of the Greenwich Village counterculture, Lynn's work converged on the lives and psychologies of his subjects.

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There was another enduring theme one can already detect in *The Dream of Success*: a deep suspicion of the anti-capitalist, anti-bourgeois elitism of many American intellectuals, with their self-congratulatory illusion of superior separateness. In the book Lynn demonstrated that his five writers were riven by a glaring and profound contradiction: They ardently sought the same "Bitch-Goddess" of worldly success that their books condemned. It was, and remains, a characteristic intellectual dilemma. It was with a similar aim in view that Lynn's 1971 biography of William Dean Howells sought to restore the fallen literary reputation of his subject—fallen because Howells had been a successful man, whose success branded him as a genteel lightweight who looked upon "the smiling aspects of life" rather than groan about the horrors of America.

Undergirding it all was a desire to grapple with the meaning of the nation and an unending fascination with what Matthiessen called, in a phrase Lynn loved to repeat, "the possibilities of life in America." Lynn loved his country passionately and deplored academia's transformation of American Studies into what he only half-jokingly called "anti-American studies," a development that became the target of many of the essays in his exhilarating 1983 collection, *The Air-Line to Seattle*. Like many in the original American Studies movement, and like such forerunners as Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford, Lynn felt that the native grounds of American culture were underappreciated national assets, and he had a warm but unsentimental appreciation of the possibilities of democratic culture.

All through his years as a university professor, he encouraged the serious study of American popular culture. He revived interest in the rich but neglected works of folklorist Constance Rourke. He thought the literary establishment's derision of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* outrageous, and he enthusiastically (and successfully) promoted the book's reconsideration through the publication of a definitive edition. His study of Mark Twain demonstrated how deeply Twain was rooted in a robust and unique American tradition of Southwestern humor. His literary, biographical, historical, and mass-cultural interests all converged in the massively researched *Charlie Chaplin and His Times* (1997), a book that celebrated the brilliance of Chaplin's popular art while relentlessly exposing his moral foibles and political fatuities.

Many would argue his single finest achievement was his acclaimed biography of Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway lovers objected to Lynn's challenges to the Hemingway myth and his relentless exposure of Hemingway's cruelty and dishonesty. Some of Lynn's conservative admirers were uncomfortable with his use of psychosexual themes to explain the strange persistent motifs of androgyny and sexual ambiguity in Hemingway's work, fearing that such analysis eviscerated Hemingway the writer. But in the end, the effect has been the opposite, and the book has been widely credited with revitalizing Hemingway studies. Frederick Crews, writing in the *New York Review of Books*, stated the scholarly consensus when he remarked that Lynn's *Hemingway* (1987) was "a model of the way biographically informed criticism can catch the pulse of works about which everything appeared to have been said." The result, he averred, "is an admirable combination of justice and compassion," which had made Hemingway "interesting again."

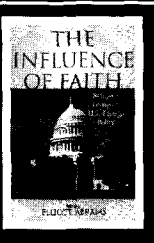
Kenneth Lynn was not an easy man, and not an easy man to know. Like many warriors, he had a profound reticence and rarely spoke of personal matters. His retirement from Johns Hopkins, which came not long after the appearance of his prize-winning Hemingway biography, occurred almost entirely without fanfare, at his insistence. A couple of years later, when I suggested putting together a *Festschrift* in his honor, he firmly rejected the idea. He was never interested in creating such memorials to himself. He just wanted to write. The books, along with his fifty-three-year marriage to his wife Valerie and his three children, were legacy enough. As his death approached, he insisted that there was to be no public funeral, no memorial service, no ceremony outside the confines of the family.

But he cannot prevent us from remembering him. And there is one image of my last visit to his home just before his death that remains in my mind with especial vividness. It was mid-morning, and Kenneth walked into the living room, pulled out an old LP, put it on his antique turntable, turned it up full blast, and sat down in his favorite chair to read.

It was an old, scratchy, but wonderfully frenetic recording of Fats Waller playing "Honeysuckle Rose." "Art Tatum?" I asked, knowing that was wrong, but wanting to give him one last chance to correct me. "No," he said distractedly, flipping through the pages of his book. "Fats Waller."

And then about ten seconds later, he paused and looked up, staring into space for a moment to give the matter more serious thought, as the music blared away in the background. Then he turned to me and smiled. "When he was right," he said, that confident gleam in his eye, "there was none better."

The same was true of Kenneth Lynn himself. ♦



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Karen Hughes didn't like what she was hearing. Sitting in the Roosevelt Room of the West Wing on the morning of June 21, she listened with pursed lips as Nick Calio, the White House legislative director, insisted that President Bush should threaten to veto the patients' bill of rights. . . . Hughes jumped into the fray. "Once we say veto," she replied, "that's all anyone's going to hear." To Hughes—the counselor responsible for the words Bush says and the image he presents—promising to veto a popular bill was sure to be a p.r. disaster. Bush had to be for the people, not the HMOs. "This will hurt us," she warned.
—Time, July 1, 2001

Parody

Karen Hughes Knows Best

BY JAY CARNEY

KAREN HUGHES DIDN'T LIKE WHAT SHE was hearing. Sitting in the Oval Office, legislative affairs director Nick Calio was telling the president that when the Big Bad Wolf comes to town, it is best to have a house built out of straw. "Yes! Yes!" presidential adviser Karl Rove chimed in, "Straw! Covered with plenty of petroleum-based waterproofing! Really slathered in the stuff!" Hughes, a statuesque natural blonde with an incisive mind yet a subtle manner, jumped into the fray. "He'll huff and he'll puff and he'll blow that house down," she warned, arguing for the brick option.

"[Karen] gets it," one top Bush communications official said after the president had sided with Calio and Rove at the meeting. "The rest of them are just turd brains. I ask you, has any of them spent a single day in his life working as a TV reporter? They're clueless!"

But Hughes, tall and stately, with the regal bearing of a Grace Kelly, has remained steadfastly loyal to her less competent colleagues. "I can't tell you how much I admire Nick," she says of the legislative director Calio. "I can't tell you what a devastating blow it would be to this administration if some reporter were to double check his financial disclosure form—especially where he lists his stock holdings—and Nick were forced to resign in disgrace."

Some in the administration have begun to notice her brilliance. "Everything she has predicted has come to pass. She is omniscient and all powerful," says Dan Bartlett, the deputy communications director.

A senior White House official with longstanding ties to Bush in Austin recalls the time Hughes marched into the Oval Office on the second day of the administration. "Mr. President, we really have to pay attention to Jim Jeffords. I'm afraid he might switch parties," she warned. "And our reconnaissance flights over the Chinese coast; those could lead to trouble if we're not careful. Also, have you been watching Dick Cheney recently? I'm sensing electrical heart malfunctions. He might need to have a device implanted before long."

Sadly, this official remembers, some of the male members discounted Hughes's advice. "Jeffords? I've got Jeffords in my back pocket," this official remembers Calio saying.

The important thing, administration officials all agree, is that everybody on the team must stick together. There can be no leaking against other Bush aides. "We would never do that," Hughes and her staff emphasize in her daily phone calls to *Time*.

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Creating Incentives for Israeli-Palestinian Peace

Bruce Bueno de Mesquita is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution and professor of politics at New York University.

Shared interests in stability are a prerequisite for peace between Palestinians and Israelis. Depressed economic opportunity reduces Palestinian interests in stability, increasing the risk of violence, as witnessed in the current Intefada in which unemployed teenagers foster lawlessness, prompting harsh responses that create violence. Terrorism is another manifestation of such risk taking. I propose a revenue-sharing plan based on income from tourism that will create mutual interests in peace and stability even in the absence of mutual trust.

Since the 1980s many have held the view that Israeli-Palestinian joint ventures and other business investments would encourage Israelis and Palestinians to live in peace. These proposals suffer from a reliance on mutual trust. Substantial investments are unlikely in an atmosphere of civil unrest. Furthermore, joint ventures are sometimes perceived as economic imperialism.

Jerusalem, in addition to being a place of religious value, is a cash cow. Tourism produces vast amounts of income. Palestinian experts anticipate that tourism will be the major industry of an independent Palestinian state. Nevertheless, the Palestinians are at a disadvantage in competing for tourism moneys because of their lack of infrastructure and investment capital. This disadvantage, however, can become a major step toward peace.

Suppose all government tourist-generated revenues from *all* of Jerusalem were divided according to a fixed formula between the two sides. For instance, Israel's current population is about 6.3 million. The populations of Gaza and the West Bank are 2.9 million. Proportionality argues that about 31 percent of tourist revenue go to Palestine and 69 percent to Israel. This division is only one possible allocation. The key is that this pooled revenue be shared according to a prearranged *fixed* formula.

A revenue-sharing arrangement ties the wealth flowing to the Palestinians to their ability to enforce a tourist-friendly atmosphere. Tourist income ebbs and flows with violence. As the record low tourism in Bethlehem over the recent Christmas holiday makes clear, when peace is lacking, tourism declines. **In an arrangement that ties revenue to tourism, both Palestinians and Israelis have incentives to minimize violence.** Because tourism is currently so much weaker in Palestinian areas, the incentive is asymmetric. A fixed revenue-sharing arrangement, regardless of where the tourist income is generated, gives both sides an interest in seeing the pie expand and gives the Palestinian leadership reasons to control the Intefada and terrorism.

A shared-revenue arrangement encourages both sides to improve access to important religious, historic, and cultural sites, assuring access for everyone to the contested sites of Jerusalem and other parts of Israel and Palestine. Furthermore, investors will have incentives to build tourist trade in Palestinian-controlled areas because both sides will benefit (the Israelis to the degree that the proportion of total tourist revenue generated within Palestine increases).

This proposal does not resolve questions such as the right of return or the contiguity of territory, but it does offer a self-enforcing solution to one central problem. Pooling tourist revenue provides a firm foundation for reducing violence and paving the way for mutual administration of Jerusalem, thereby taking a significant step toward peace.

— Bruce Bueno de Mesquita

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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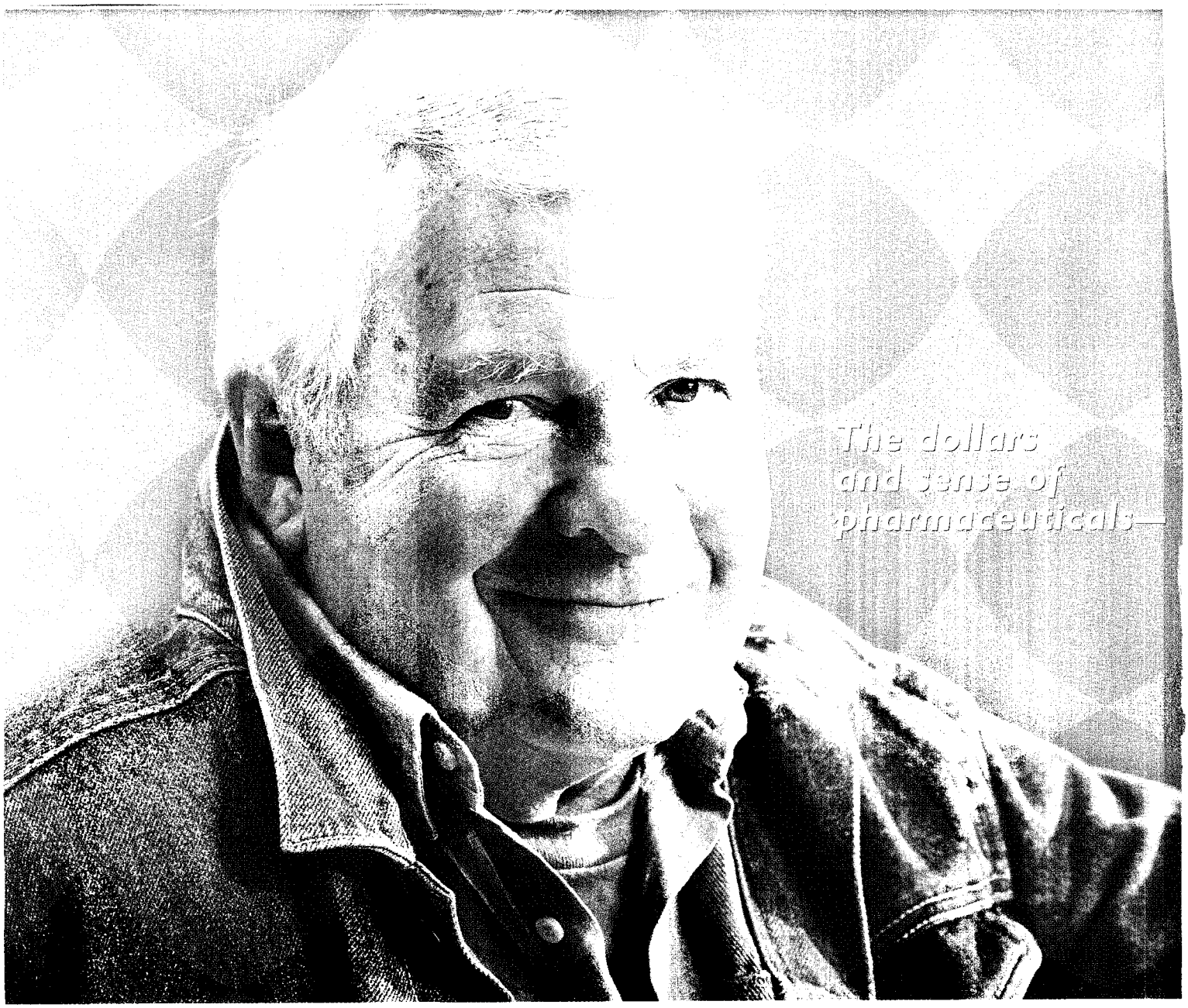

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